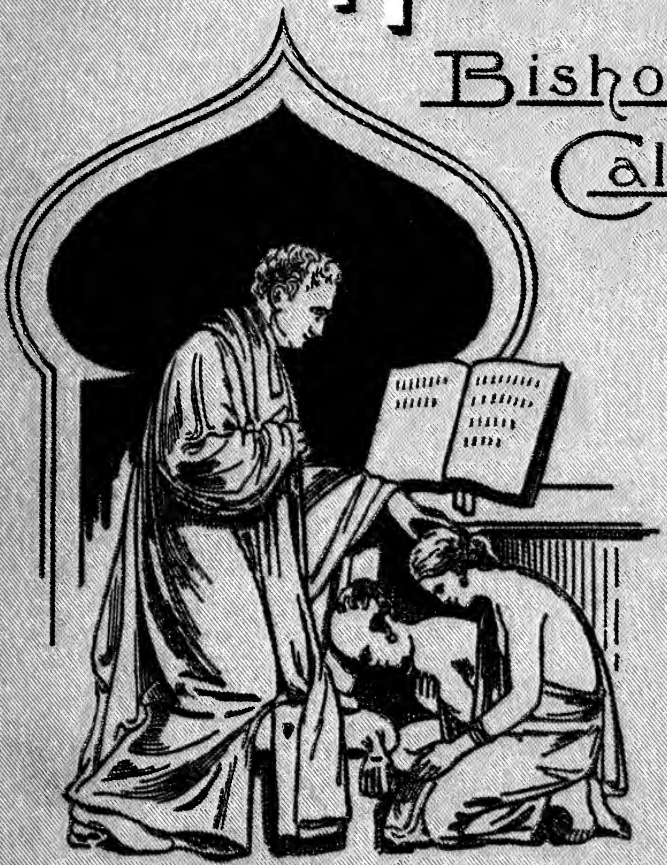
Reginald Heber

Bishop of Calcutta



by A. Montefiore

REGINALD HEBER.

REGINALD HEBER

BISHOP OF CALCUTTA

SCHOLAR AND EVANGELIST

BY

ARTHUR MONTEFIORE

AUTHOR OF "DAVID LIVINGSTONE, HIS LABOURS AND HIS LEGACY," "HENRY M. STANLEY," "LEADERS INTO UNKNOWN LANDS," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM BISHOP HEBER'S SKETCHES AND OTHER DRAWINGS

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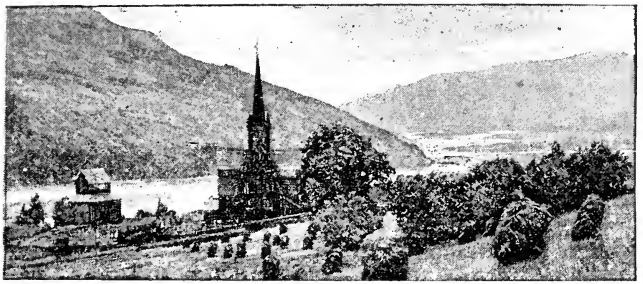

GUDBRANDSDAL.

PREFACE.

AS far as I am aware, no Life of Bishop Heber has appeared since that which his widow issued almost immediately after his death in 1826. This work was largely made up of his journal, his correspondence, various literary fragments, and newspaper reports of numerous meetings held in India and England to mark the universal regret felt at his sudden and almost tragic end, and to set on foot various statues and other memorials of his services to his country and his Church. The work was necessarily rendered so expensive by its bulk that no cheap and new edition of it could be expected, and consequently it has not lain in the power of the many who admired his career, or loved him for his gift of sacred song, to become acquainted with the main incidents of his life or the channels along which his thoughts and hopes had travelled.

It has therefore been thought that a sketch of his career would be welcome to not a few, and it has fallen to my lot to write an outline of his life which should indicate its chief features, and describe, if it does not fill in, the arc on which his energies were projected. Such a sketch as this must necessarily omit more than it

contains ; but, by suppressing descriptions of the scene in which he made so interesting a figure, it has been found possible to include a considerable number of personal details, which, taken in the aggregate, may serve to present a fairly complete portrait of the individual.

A word must be added as to the divisions into which my treatment of the subject has somewhat naturally fallen. It is obvious that a man's life cannot be cut up into as many chapters as he has lived decades, or any other period of years. His life depends not on his age but on his energy.

> "One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name;"

and, similarly, ten years in a quiet country parsonage may be dealt with and dismissed in the same space we might allot to a year of travel under unusual conditions. On the other hand, if one is to insert the whole in a small book, and yet omit no distinct epoch in a busy life, it is equally obvious that severe compression must be applied to years that are interesting and filled with action. For example, in this very book, some may be surprised to find a comparatively small portion allotted to his Indian episcopate ; and therefore I think it may be well to point out in this introductory note that Heber held the bishopric of Calcutta for less than three years ; and that although he laboured so exceedingly that we may consider his death was hastened by toil, yet such labour remained during his lifetime rather pregnant with promise, and chiefly became productive of result after his death.

I may add in conclusion that I owe a great debt to the various volumes of journals, correspondence, and memorials that were collected and published by his devoted wife. A. M.

A NORWEGIAN FARM.

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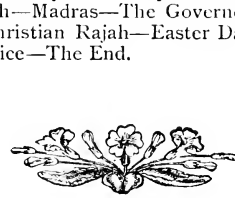


REGINALD HEBER.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS.

IN that memorable year in which Charles James Fox, hastening to his fall, introduced his famous Bill for the Government of India—a Bill which was so opposed by the King that he authorised Lord Temple to declare that any peer voting for it would be regarded as his personal enemy—Reginald Heber, the future Bishop of Calcutta, was born. In the same year—but three months earlier—the Independence of the Thirteen United States had been acknowledged in the Treaty of Paris; and peace secured for a while to England, France, and Spain in that of Versailles. In the same year, too, a long series of brilliant victories concluded with the submission of Tippu, Sultan of Mysore, and the bringing of peace to that province of India where Bishop Heber was destined to find his grave.

There was a lull in the wars which had been convulsing the civilised world—from Bunker's Hill, overlooking Boston Harbour, in the Far West, to Benares, that most holy city on the Ganges, in the Far East. But it was a lull like that which comes in the midst of the cyclone. A few years of peace and rest and renewal of strength—for England, as far as

Europe was concerned, barely eleven—and then there burst over Europe such a war-cloud as had never yet been seen. Well might Metternich exclaim—and for the matter of that Frederick the Great too—"After me the Deluge." But neither looked so far as that deluge swept.

It was just at this moment, then, between two crowded hours of international and almost universal warfare, at the close of the one and before the beginning of the other, that in a quiet country rectory in the vale of Cheshire, Reginald Heber was born. The day was the 21st of April, the year that of 1783. His father was the co-Rector, with one Dr. Townson, of Malpas—he of the upper and the latter of the "lower mediety." The Hebers were people of descent and circumstance. They traced their name to that hill in Craven, Yorkshire, called Haybergh, or Hayber—a pronunciation frequently given to the surname—and their right to arms to one Reginald Heber of Marton in that district. At least this individual had his arms "certified" in the reign of Elizabeth, which was practically an acknowledgment that he and his family already had a right to bear them. A descendant of this Reginald Heber married one of the Vernons, and thereby added to his patrimony the acceptable estate of Hodnet Hall in Shropshire. Then came another Reginald, who also married an heiress (they were wise in their generation, children of the light though I believe them to have been), the daughter of the Rev. Martin Baylie, Rector of Wrentham; and for issue he had Richard, of whom we shall hear a good deal in the course of this little book. Richard's mother dying, this Reginald Heber married Mary, the daughter of the Rev. Cuthbert Allanson, D.D.; and of this marriage there were born Reginald, the subject of this memoir, Thomas Cuthbert, and Mary. At the time of Reginald's birth, and for many years afterwards, his father was, as I have said, co-Rector of Malpas; but he succeeded, on the death of his elder brother, to the manors of Marton and Hodnet, and the patronage of their rectories.

The future bishop seems to have been almost a bishop born. Of precocity we hear a good deal in the lives of most great men ; but for moral and spiritual precocity, if the records be true, Reginald Heber is entitled to a place in the first rank. It was an age, too, when clever children were unduly forced ; and the piety of parents had little respect for the tenderness of a child's mind, even going so far as to feed the infant imagination on the material glories of a heaven all of gold, or the material horrors of a hell all of fire. Heber's parents were no exception. They could not have heeded St. Paul's wise advice and given of the milk of Scripture to their babe, for we find that he was permitted to range the Scriptures at the age of five ; and we learn that he did this with "avidity, and had at that time remarkable and accurate knowledge" of the contents. Illustrative of this a story is told that at this age he entered a room where his father, the Rector, and some friends were disputing as to the place in the Old Testament where a certain passage occurred. His father referred to his son, who "at once named both the book and the chapter." But it was two years earlier even than this, when his mother was alarmed at a storm overtaking them as they drove through a remote part of the country, that the three-year-old Reginald is said to have exclaimed, "Do not be afraid, mamma ; God will take care of us"—a childish echo of the teaching he had received, which passed with those fond parents for the conviction of faith.

But, by nature, he inherited a self-control, soberness, and steadfastness which grew in after years to such strength as to dominate his character. It is said that when he was only two years of age, and the doctor was about to open a vein, after the fashion of the time, for the relief of the hooping-cough, as the doctor took hold of his arm he asked not to be held. He was told that he would be much more hurt should he move. "I won't stir," he replied, and the plucky little fellow held out his arm to the doctor, and never moved it

throughout the operation. His self-control and sobriety of temperament may also be inferred from the medical opinion expressed of him when suffering from a very serious attack of inflammation of the lungs at four years of age. The doctor declared that there would be no hope of saving his life, "if he were not the most tractable child I ever saw."

His thirst for knowledge began early, and never left him. When he was six he had a severe attack of typhus fever, and as he slowly recovered he begged his father to let him learn the Latin Grammar to help the time pass as he lay in bed. His faculties were always quick. When about seven years old he was playing with some other boys, and on one of them asking that graceless riddle, "Where was Moses when his candle went out?" Reginald promptly replied, "On Mount Nebo, for there he died, and it may well be said that his lamp of life went out." It would be interesting to know how this contribution to the merriment of the party was received.

From early years he had a taste for drawing. He sketched everything he saw—figures, landscape, and still-life. But he was always particularly devoted to sketching buildings and making architectural designs. Years later, when at Oxford, we find him emphasising the fact that he was reading hard by saying that he had put away his sketches. "I have kept myself entirely from drawing plans of houses, etc.;" and again, "I . . . shun politics, eschew architecture." But it remained with him through life. In India he continually designed churches, belfries, schools, and was passably happy in his results. Many of his sketches were used to illustrate the Russian travels of the well-known Edward Clarke; and his Indian drawings were published in a handsome volume of engravings. In this direction, and in that of books, the eager impetuosity of the child found a vent. He never kept a domestic pet—the rabbit or the guinea-pig, on which the affections of so many children are lavished; and it is

recorded that he even persuaded his little sister to give up hers. His enquiring disposition, which was strengthened rather than weakened as he grew in knowledge, was very marked. Indeed, in later life he used to attribute much of his general knowledge to this habit, and say, as many indeed have said, that he had never met any one from whom he could not learn something.

He owed much to his elder half-brother, Richard. In his studies, in particular, he was encouraged and directed by him. And Richard, in describing his younger brother's habits, used to say that Reginald was not content to read books, "he devoured them." With what seemed a glance he absorbed the contents of a page, and so good was his memory that he remembered for years what he read—sometimes with an accuracy almost verbal. Under the tuition of his father he early began that staple of education, the classics, and by the age of seven, we are told, he had translated Phædrus into English verse. At eight, however, he went to the Grammar School at Whitchurch, whose head-master at that time was the Rev. Dr. Kent; and subsequently, when thirteen years old, to the well-known private school of Mr. Bristow at Neasden, then spelt Neasdon, lying back from the Edgware road, a few miles from Hyde Park. At that time Neasden was a retired spot, with miles of open country between it and London. Now, as we know, it is a rapidly growing suburban town not sensibly detached from the metropolis.

It was at Neasden that Heber made the great friendship of his life. It was his fortune to be a dear friend to many men—most of whom eventually occupied distinguished positions in the Government or in the Church—but "his own familiar friend" throughout life was John Thornton, the son of that Samuel Thornton who was Member of Parliament for Surrey for many years. With John Thornton he travelled through Europe after Oxford days, when the centre of the Continent was aflame with war, and dynasties of centuries' standing

were crashing to the ground—at, indeed, the most instructive period of continental history that has occurred during the last hundred and fifty years. With John Thornton he corresponded during school and college days, from the rectory house at Hodnet, and from half a hundred places in the course of his journeys through India. And to John Thornton it fell, when Heber's widow compiled a memoir of the life, that the dedication should be written.

As a boy and as a man Heber was generous to a degree. When they sent him back to school at the half year, his parents were compelled to sew the bank-notes that constituted his pocket-money in the lining of his coat —simply to prevent his giving it all away to the poor and the mendicant he might meet on his road! He seemed never tired, even then, of forming schemes for the relief of distress. His lively interest in the functions of the clergyman dated, as with many other children, from the infant years, when an apron or a nightgown constitutes the surplice, and a patient untiring nurse the congregation. At school he formed strong ideas of how the government of the Church might be improved, and communicated to his friend Thornton many ideas which, as too often is the case, combined with the zeal of the reformer the unpractical solutions of the theorist.

With a good memory, and that most blessed of mental endowments, a lively imagination, it is not surprising that his early progress in lessons should have made him conspicuous among the few pupils at Neasden. That he made his mark there is very evident. It is regrettable, indeed, that the individual attention obtained in a system which allots a round dozen of boys to a teacher cannot be adopted in the vast and wealthy schools which now bulk so largely in our present system. It seems almost certain that every year hundreds of boys fall away and are lost to eminence whom more careful shepherding would have saved. It is only the strong and those who are not sensitive that can push their way out of a crowd; and

a boy of great talent is not always strong, and seldom other than sensitive.

We learn that among his favourite books at this time was Spenser's "Faerie Queene," which he was fond of taking with him on his walks, a habit which stuck to him through life. For the exact sciences we are prepared to hear that he did not evince any taste. He was never very appreciative of grammar and philology. It was the subject-matter which he burrowed for. History, literature, and especially ballad literature, appealed to him with particular emphasis, and both at school and afterwards he achieved a domestic reputation as a story-teller. His prose was good, and in the unconscious seeking after the proper words he revealed his literary sense; but it was in the direction of poetry that as a boy and a young man his own ambitions travelled. We have already mentioned the remarkable feat of rendering Phædrus in verse at the age of seven; and it may be added here that this produced a habit which was maintained through the school days into those of adult life. "The Prophecy of Ishmael"—with reference to the Battle of the Nile—was one of the Neasden batch of productions.

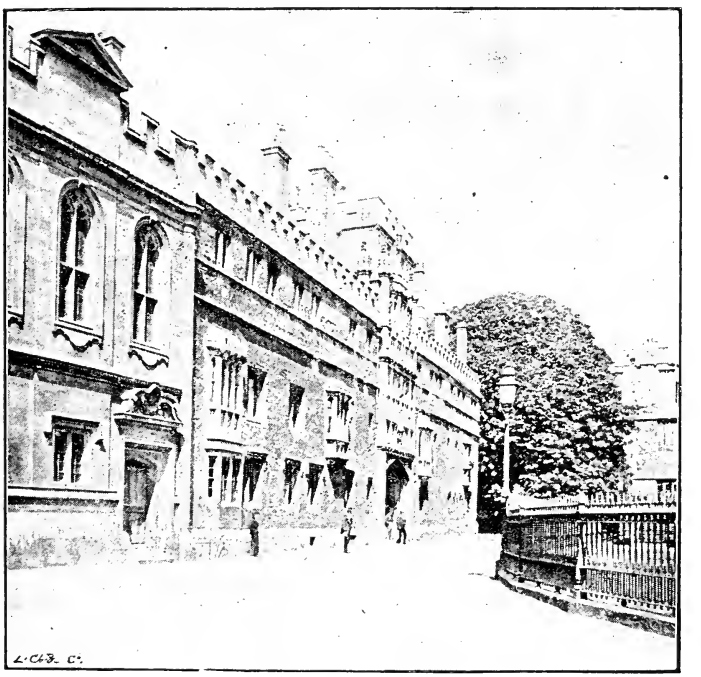
Writing to Thornton from Neasden, when sixteen years of age, he says: "In Greek I go on in the old train, being now deep engaged in Longinus, Prometheus Vinct., and the Epistles, with Locke's Commentary; besides which I read the 'Essay on the Human Understanding' for two hours every evening after I have finished my exercise." A few months later he writes: "You will remember young Bowler the baker, how he used always to read in his cart. I examined his books some days ago, and found they were Volney, Voltaire, and Godwin. These are the fruits of circulating libraries"—a somewhat unusual reflection for a lad of sixteen. And a week or two later he laments that Thornton is going to Cambridge and not to Oxford, whither he himself was intended to go, and adds: "You will laugh at me for talking of college six months before

my time, but *tendimus in Latium* is the principle that rules us all, and Æneas talked of Italy when he was only at Carthage." Soon after he was seventeen he wrote a long letter on the state of the Church, touching, among other things, on Queen Anne's Bounty, and the limits of dissent from the Articles of Religion allowable to a clergyman; and he refers to Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity" quite in the accomplished manner of a theological controversialist.

Although he never showed any particular love of the mathematical sciences, we find this note, which is of interest as indicating his sympathies: "I send you a sketch of a building which I passed coming from the north, which will interest you as much as it did me; I could almost have pulled off my hat as we drove by. It is Sir Isaac Newton's home as it appears from the north road." Thornton was good at mathematics, and tried to encourage his friend to give more attention to them. Apropos of this Heber writes humorously: "Have you been much out a-hunting lately? D—— seemed to think, I remember, that Nimrod was a mere type of you, and used to shake his wise head when you talked of a leap. He had once a long conversation on the subject with me, and said hunting encouraged vice. I had recourse to mythology, and told him the chaste Hippolytus was a hunter, which satisfied him. My reason for asking you if you are keen after it now is because I conclude you read the less the more you hunt, so that I may have more chance of overtaking you in mathematics." Then he adds: "I have been a good deal employed in reading the dusty volumes of the old polemic writers, which, with my Italian, leave me not much time for mathematics."

In October 1800 he entered Brazenose College, or, as it was then called, Brazen Nose, and he sends a list of the different things he has to buy on setting up on his own account in college, adding, "It is surely a luxurious age when a boy of seventeen requires so much fuss to fit him out. I have been a much gayer fellow than

usual of late, having been at a race, and also at, what I never saw before, a masquerade. . . . It was given by Sir William Wynn, and though certainly much inferior in splendour to Mr. Cholmondeley's ball (Mr. Cholmondeley, of Vale Royal Abbey, Cheshire, a cousin of Heber's), was very well conducted."



BRAZENOSE COLLEGE.

On first going to Oxford he wrote that his acquaintances were unfortunately chiefly among men much his senior, or people whom he had met at home. Thus, there were "several of the Fellows, the Senior Proctor, the Bishop" (he referred to Dr. Cleaver, Principal of Brazenose, who was also Bishop of Chester), "but they

are *great men*, and not given to associate with freshmen." However, his cousin, Hugh Cholmondeley, who was afterwards Dean of Chester, was little his senior, and introduced him to several undergraduates, and so he soon slipped into the daily round of college life. Brazenose might almost have been called "the family college." His father had held a fellowship there; his elder brother was at that very time a Fellow; and his younger brother, Thomas, eventually became a Fellow.

Heber was not exempt from the reading-man's vanity, and so we hear of his tying the traditional wet cloth round his head to prevent sleep. But at college, as at school and as in after life, he was always fond of society, and always, with his ready wit and high spirits, welcomed in society. Yet he read hard. In the first year he gained the University Prize for Latin Verse by his *Carmen Seculare*; and we hear of his working from six o'clock in the morning till eight—and at mathematics, which he confesses will never be the rallying-point of his studies, but of which he would be sorry to be ignorant. We learn incidentally that at that time it was the custom to have chapel at 6 a.m. in summer time. How would the Oxford of to-day appreciate that?

He writes, at another time, describing the celebration of the All Souls' Mallard feast. "All Souls," he says, "is on the opposite side of Ratcliffe Square to Brazen Nose, so that their battlements are in some degree commanded by my garret. I had thus a full view of the *Lord Mallard* and about forty Fellows, in a kind of procession on the library roof, with immense lighted torches, which had a singular effect. I know not if their orgies were overlooked by any uninitiated eyes except my own; but I am sure that all who had the gift of hearing, within half a mile, must have been awakened by the manner in which they thundered their chorus, 'O by the blood of King Edward!' I know not whether you have any similar strange customs in Cambridge, so that, perhaps, such ceremonies as the All

Souls' Mallard, the Queens' boar's head, etc., will strike you as more absurd than they do an Oxford man; but I own I am of opinion that these remnants of Gothicism tend very much to keep us in a sound, consistent track."

In 1803 we find the influenza prevalent at Oxford, and that Heber was not passed over by that plague. Sufferers from our recent visitations will sympathise with his remark, "I could seldom bear to sit up, my head and body ached so much." He was in the midst of preparing his poem on Palestine for the Newdigate Prize. He writes of his views on the subject: "A fine one, as it will admit of much fancy and many sublime ideas. I know not whether it ought to have been made exclusively sacred or not. Many men whom I have talked with seem inclined to have made it so; but I have an utter dislike to clothing sacred subjects in verse, unless it be done as nearly as possible in scriptural language, and introduced with great delicacy. . . . My brother, my tutor (the Rev. T. S. Smyth, afterwards Rector of St. Austell), and Mr. Walter Scott, the author of the Border Minstrelsy, whom I have no doubt you know by name, if not personally, give me strong hopes." It is not generally known, perhaps, that one of the best and most familiar passages in that poem is owing to a suggestion of Sir Walter Scott's. He was breakfasting with Heber one morning, and on hearing the MS. read, Scott said, "You have omitted one striking circumstance in your account of the building of the temple—that no tools were used in its erection." Heber got up from the table and went into another part of the room, and in a few minutes returned with the well-known lines,—

> "No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung;
> Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung."

The poem secured the prize, and became the most successful and popular piece of religious verse of the first half of the century. It was read by every one; it was known by heart by many. It was translated

into Welsh, and it was set to music by the Professor of Music in the University. Writing many years after in *Blackwood's Magazine*, a contemporary said: "None who heard Reginald Heber recite his 'Palestine' in that magnificent theatre will ever forget his appearance—so interesting and impressive. . . . There was a charm in his somewhat melancholy voice, that occasionally faltered, less from a feeling of the solemnity and even grandeur of the scene, of which he was himself the conspicuous object—though that feeling did suffuse his pale, ingenuous, and animated countenance—than from the deeply-felt sanctity of his subject. . . . As his voice grew bolder and more sonorous in the hush, the audience felt that this was not the mere display of the skill and ingenuity of a clever youth, but that here was a poet indeed, not only of high promise, but of high achievement. . . . And that feeling, whatever might have been the share of the boundless enthusiasm with which the poem was listened to attributable to the influence of the *genius loci*, has been since sanctioned by the judgment of the world, that has placed 'Palestine' at the very head of the poetry on Divine subjects of this age. It is now incorporated for ever with the poetry of England." This criticism, it should be added, appeared in November 1827.

During the Long Vacation in this year, 1803, Bonaparte's threatened invasion of England and the mustering of the "Army of England" along the north coast of France, led to an extraordinary outburst of patriotism—or shall we call it a sense of personal danger?—throughout England. No fewer than 400,000 volunteers were rapidly raised, and drilling and marching became the occupation of the hour. Heber threw himself into the work with all his characteristic thoroughness, and wrote the martial song, "Swell, swell the shrill trumpet clear sounding afar," to be sung at a parade of volunteers. He and his brother Richard raised a corps at Hodnet—"all here are furiously loyal." His friend Thornton was similarly employed.

Heber studied tactics with great application, and gave up the idea of reading for honours at Oxford. He went out into camp with his corps, and paid unceasing attention to all the necessary details of a soldier's training. Fortunately, however, as the year wore on, the danger became less, and, though still on the alert, England's war-fever passed away for a time. Once again at Oxford, the spirit of the place brought him back to his studies, and he worked very hard. The examination came on in the October term—with what success we may leave a contemporary of his to tell.

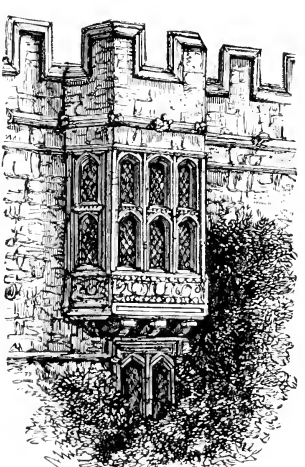
"His university career was equally splendid to its close. In the schools his examination for his bachelor's degree, although not so much distinguished as that of many others for accurate remembrances of the manifold divisions and subtleties of Aristotle's philosophical works, by the solution of syllogisms out of Aldrich's logic, or of mathematical problems, was brilliant in the oratory and poetry of Greece. But his reputation was then so great and high, that no public exhibition of that kind could increase or raise it. Some men enter the schools obscure and come out bright; others enter bright and come out obscure; but Reginald Heber was a star whose lustre was as steady as it was clear, and would neither suffer temporary eclipse nor 'draw golden light' from any other source of honour within the walls of a university."

So distinguished, indeed, was his performance in the schools, that he was immediately, on November 2nd, 1804, elected a Fellow of All Souls. The letter in which he tells his friend Thornton of this latest honour begins in so characteristic a way that I venture to quote it:—

"After much deliberation concerning which of the two societies for Promoting Christian Knowledge I should subscribe to, I have at length determined upon both; you will therefore oblige me if you will put down the enclosed, under the signature of O.A., to the fund of the Bible Society. I would not trouble you in this if I had not lost the paper you were so good as to send me."

In the following year he gained the University's Bachelor's Prize for an English prose essay: the subject was "The Sense of Honour," and the motto under which it was sent in was "*Sans peur et sans reproche*." He was thus the winner of the two Chancellor's Prizes for Latin verse and English prose—the third was not established till later—as well as the Newdigate Prize for English verse.

Just at this moment, with a three years' interval facing him before he could be ordained—the ministry of the Church having long been decided on as his vocation—his friend Thornton proposed, by one of those happy thoughts, we may suppose, which come to most of us occasionally, a tour through Europe. Eager to see the Continent, and especially those more remote portions which the French wars would compel them to visit, Heber consented; and the narrative of the journey which was thus begun, and eventually extended to an unusual length and a comparatively unknown corner of the Continent, may be fitly left for further chapters.



CROSSING A RIVER IN SOUTHERN RUSSIA.
(From a sketch by Edward Clarke, Heber's friend.)

CHAPTER II.

SCANDINAVIA AND RUSSIA IN 1805.

IT was in July 1805—just three months before Nelson fought and won, and died in the winning, the Battle of Trafalgar—that Reginald Heber, accompanied by his old schoolfellow John Thornton, set out for a prolonged European tour. It was a curious time, perhaps, to choose for travel. Europe was in a ferment of war. Pitt had formed his "Third Coalition" against France, an international alliance including Russia, Austria, and Sweden, for the overthrow of Napoleon. The "Army of England," which Napoleon had levied to lower the "assumption" of this country, and, as he wrote to Admiral Ganteaume, to "avenge six centuries of insult and shame," was lying encamped at Boulogne, a hundred and fifty thousand strong. Villeneuve, with the flower of the French fleet and a large contingent sent by his Spanish allies, was biding the time when he could escape the

watchfulness of Nelson and sweep the Channel. There had been, it is true, a brief interval of peace, brought about by the assassination of Czar Paul and the consequent break-up of the "Northern League," but at its sudden ending Napoleon had thrown as many as ten thousand British tourists (who had been tempted by the peace to cross the Channel) into prison, and, wheeling his army to face the Channel, he deployed it along the coast from Brest to Antwerp, concentrating it at Boulogne. In England the war-fever was at its height. Volunteers, as has been shown, were being enrolled in great numbers—no fewer than four hundred thousand of them were drilling themselves into efficiency. Pitt was colonel of a levy of three thousand which he had raised in his capacity of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports; the king himself held reviews of them, and, as Montagu Burrows has well written, "he, his nobles, and his gentry were ready to lead his people to battle, as in ancient times." England had, indeed, sprung to arms, and Europe, aflame with war, was on the eve of vast catastrophes and far-reaching change.

Though the danger may have served as an incitement to the young graduates, it modified their plans. For instead of travelling through the Netherlands or up the Rhine, or penetrating to Switzerland, it became necessary to plan a route which should pass through friendly countries, and along, if scarcely beyond, the periphery of war. So it came about that Sweden, Norway (then united to Denmark), Finland (then Swedish), and Russia formed the main route, and that the way home was left to be decided by the turn of events. Who could foresee at that time the carnage of Austerlitz and the downthrow of the "Holy Roman Empire," which had stood just a thousand years? or the sudden rush which swept everything before him at Jena, and led Napoleon to dictate to Europe as "Emperor of the West"?

Embarking in the packet—a small sloop which Heber likened to a fishing-smack—the travellers reached

Gottenburg without mishap. They were plentifully supplied with credentials and letters of introduction to all the persons of importance and influence they were likely to meet, and, as we shall see, they enjoyed the best opportunities throughout their travels of advancing when advance was difficult, and of seeing places which at such a time would be closed to the foreigner and stranger. This it is that helps to make Heber's travels in Europe more than interesting. For Europe was not only in the crucible of war, but the most ruthless hand known to her history fanned the flame, and thrones were to fall and arise, governments to expire and appear, before there could be peace, and, with peace, the opportunity to reckon up the dead and missing, to note the new features on the continental landscape. Heber was one of the last, if not the very last, of cultivated Englishmen to visit Moscow, and leave a literary account of this ancient capital of Muscovy before the armies of Napoleon entered its gates, and the stoical Russians, as alike their best defence and attack, burnt their city to the ground.

At Gottenburg the untravelled Englishmen began to realize the complete change which foreign customs introduce into even the details of life. We find Heber expressing surprise at the inverted order of dining—the Swedes sharing with other continental nations the custom of beginning with noyau and concluding with fish. Gottenburg at that time was just recovering from a disastrous fire, the second general conflagration in five years, and showing the misfortune to have been a blessing in disguise by improving her ground plan, widening her streets, and exchanging wooden and rickety houses for buildings of brick and stone. Yet the city preserved its character. Canals still ran down the centre of the widened roads, and the furniture and uses of the stone-walled rooms remained the same. Huge fortifications circled the city—curiously enough, they were much neglected, and the cannon actually "lying to rust under long grass." What with the

costumes, the language, and the easy manners, the travellers found much to interest and note. Heber writes that his attention had been "on the stretch ever since I came here;" and Thornton, among other things, was much reminded of Scotland, not only by the appearance of the people but by their accent or tone of voice. In the market-place, where the height and flaxen hair of the men attracted attention, the only vegetable obtainable was the green pea, though fruit was abundant. Gottenburg was a garrison town, and Heber, an ardent volunteer, inquires into the constitution and discipline of the army, and notes that, instead of sheathing their bayonets, the men reverse them on the "musquet;" and that the captains of the companies wear, as badge of their rank, a white handkerchief tied round the arm—the badge originating from its being worn by the Royalists in the recent revolutions of Gustavus III.

After a brief stay in Gottenburg the travellers set out for Frederikshall, on Lake Wener; and as they used for the first time a vehicle they were going to travel in for many hundreds of miles—a carriage which may be taken, perhaps, as a type of those used at this period for such a purpose—a word or two of description will be of interest. It was a small and light four-wheeled carriage with a capacious coach-box (to hold the trunks and packages), and a seat behind for the Swede who looked after the horses. The top opened and shut at will, and part of the side was taken up with glass windows. In fact, this was a light edition of the "barouche" which one sees so often pictured in books of travel of the period. The horses, which might almost be called ponies—Heber himself says they were about the size of Welsh ponies—were two in number, obtained from the "posts" which, in the days previous to railways, were stationed at fairly regular intervals along the roads. A Swede was sent in advance to bespeak—he was called the "forbüd"—the horses required at the various posts, and this

useful person drove in a light cart with the overflow of the baggage. When he arrived at a post and demanded the horses, the postmaster would send messengers out into the district and requisition the number required from the peasants, who, by the way, were compelled to furnish them at a fixed contract rate. The price paid to the postmaster was about three-halfpence an English mile per horse; and the normal rate of travel one Swedish or 6½ English miles an hour.

The route lay through Udevalla, which is situated in a district of unusual beauty. The steep hills are topped with pines, the valleys occupied by mountain-ashes, birch, and alder. Forest scenery gives place to gigantic rocks, and these again to meadows and cornfields. The two characteristics that impressed Heber were the monotony of the pines and the prevalence of rocks. "I do not believe," he says, "we have at any time seen four hundred yards of land together without rock visible above the surface."

At Frederikshall they entered Norway—not, however, without some trouble from the Custom-house. For a couple of hours the Swede in receipt of the customs stood out for a fine of one hundred and fifty rix-dollars (about £16) on account of some omission in their papers; but by maintaining a sturdy independence, and threatening to report the man, the fine rapidly fell to six dollars, and the request for this amount was put so obsequiously that one suspects that Heber paid the sum, though he nowhere specifically admits it. Frederikshall, at this time, was a city of wooden buildings, and one-storied buildings at that; the accommodation at the inns was good, but the charges were "very exorbitant." Rather curiously—for our modern experience leads us to hold the opposite view—Heber adds, "as is the case everywhere in Norway."

At this period Norway and Sweden were very bitter against each other—a bitterness, by the way, not assuaged when Sweden forced Norway, a few years

later, to accept its king. Both in Norway and Sweden Pitt was spoken of with great dislike, the cause for which may be traced to the formation of the Northern League, whose "armed neutrality" really arose out of Czar Paul's dislike of Great Britain, and the effect of which was to leave us out in the cold and almost alone in our struggle with France.

Heber was at this time more pleased with Norway than with Sweden. It is particularly interesting to us to know that English influence—and we shall meet with it in other parts of Europe—had permeated Norwegian ways. Norwegian cattle were being improved by English cross-breeding, the English system of farming was grafted on the Norwegian. In the kennels were English dogs, in the fields grew English hops. Gardens were laid out in the English manner, and the women of Norway regularly received their new fashions and new clothes from England.

At Dillingen, near Christiania, Heber came into contact with Norwegian fairy-lore, for the lake at that place is famous as the home of Noëck, the kelpie of Norway. "He is described," writes Heber, "as a malevolent being who generally appears in the shape of a black horse. If any one succeeds in bridling him, he becomes a useful animal, and serves his master faithfully. This information we had from an English servant, married in the country, who said that a relation of his wife's told him seriously that he had himself seen Noëck in harness, quietly drawing a plough; but the moment the bridle was taken off he galloped away with prodigious violence and noise, plunged into the lake, and disappeared. His favourite residence is at Dillingen, but he is occasionally seen in other parts of Norway."

Of Christiania, as it was at the beginning of the century, we are not told much. The Cathedral is noted as "handsome"—which is an useless word for descriptive purposes—but only "four or five old women and some charity children" are to be seen in it at service on Sunday morning. (They afterwards met the

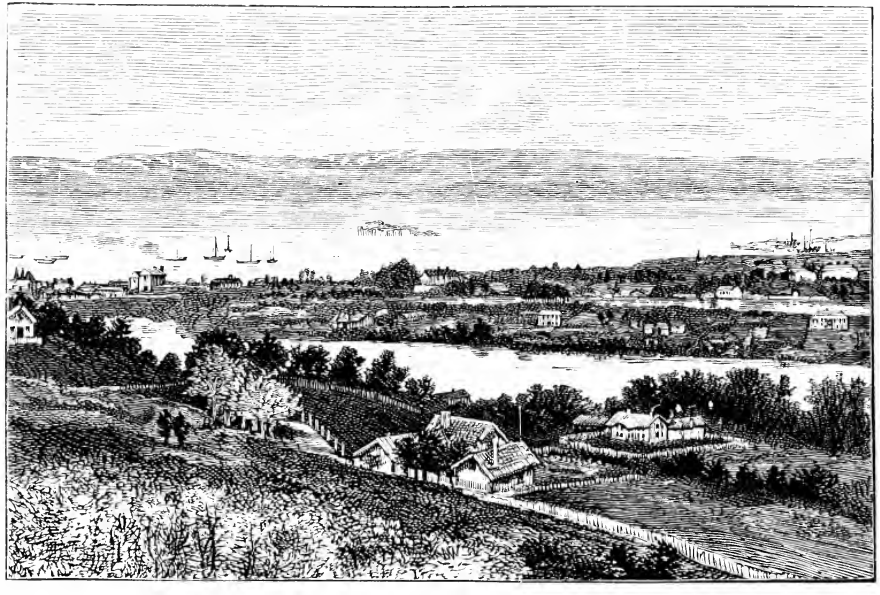
officiating clergyman, dressed in a green coat and striped waistcoat.) As a matter of fact, the people of Christiania were not Sabbatarians, and Sunday was observed in "the continental manner." A friend of Heber's—with whom he stayed in Christiania—had made great but unavailing efforts to establish a university, but Denmark declined to allow this, as its policy was to have the young Norwegians educated at Copenhagen. There was, however, a fine public library, which might be said, with the single exception of a military school, to represent the public buildings of the place.

On leaving Christiania, and posting at the rate of 8*d.* a Danish mile—rather less than five English miles—for each horse, the route lay through Kongsvinger, and then turned due northward, leaving the ancient ruins of Storhammer about ten miles to the west, until at Christiansford it turned sharp to the left, and, running northwesterly through Littlehammer, entered the famous Gudbrandsdal, and shortly after began the long ascent to the Dovre Feld. At Breiden Heber met, for the first time, "the gigantic figures and long yellow hair of the men of Gudbrandsdal. Hitherto, we had been disappointed in the appearance of the people of Norway, but we now began to see many fine-looking men, though certainly not so many as we had been taught to expect; they were uniformly of fair complexions, with red bonnets on their heads, and dressed in plaid cloth, with garters of very lively colours tied in large bows at their knees. The women wear enormous buckles, which make a clinking noise as they walk, and high-heeled shoes, which give them an appearance of height, though they are not taller, perhaps hardly so tall, as in many parts of Europe. Their dress consists of a coarse, loose shift fastened round the throat, no stays, and only one dark-coloured petticoat. Sometimes, however, they wear a waistcoat without sleeves, made exactly like that of a man, their hair snooded round with tape, and tied back from the forehead, hanging down

behind in long ringlets. The houses are a good deal ornamented with carving, sometimes done very neatly, and the doors are painted with flowers in very lively colours. Stoves, which are used in the southern parts of Norway, are here rarely seen. The natives adhere to their ancient wide chimney in the corner of the room, made to project with a salient angle, which is supported by an iron bar; their form is very convenient, and might be introduced with advantage into an English cottage; the tops of the chimneys are sometimes covered with a little dome to exclude snow, with lateral perforations for the smoke. In Sweden they have a small trap-door to answer the same purpose."

Crossing the Dovre Feld, which Heber compares to the north-country moors of England, the road became very bad, and the travellers had to send their carriage on empty and ride on horseback. In this part of the country the people were found to be of particular simplicity, and though poor not poverty-stricken. The schoolmaster of the district was perhaps the exception —though in exchange for his services, he had plenty of free rations. We are told that he made "a regular progress from village to village, having his meat and lodging with the principal farmers; and all the inhabitants who cannot read are obliged by law to go to him for instruction; he receives a very trifling fee from each person, about two or three stivers, and his whole annual income does not exceed twenty-five dollars a year; food and lodging are, indeed, supplied to him gratis during his journeys. The priests are obliged to examine the children annually in reading and writing, and to give in a statement of their abilities to the bishop. Bibles are costly, and are seldom possessed except by the richer sort of peasants; they almost all have Luther's catechism and the Psalm-book, which also contains the Epistles and Gospels for each Sunday."

The Dovre Feld, in fact, was the least sophisticated district of an unsophisticated country. Nature, indeed, was almost untamed of man; for the land was but little



TRONDHEIM, SHOWING MUNKHOLM.

cultivated—wild birch forests clasping it, huge upthrusts of rocks sterilising it. Wolves were to be found in great numbers, and more than usually savage; lemmings were seen for the first time—the fable of their having dropped from the clouds still finding some credence; and the roads were often mere watercourses. It was here that Heber first saw the "cow-pipe," a horn some five feet in length, made of bark, the bark of the birch, and capable of a woodland music not by any means unwelcome to the traveller as he passes up some deep and winding *dal*.

Trondheim was soon reached from the Dovre Feld. With this, one of the oldest cities in Norway, the young travellers appear to have been much pleased, and indeed, considering that they were most hospitably treated, one is not surprised. But Trondheim has attractions of its own. It lies in the centre of a fine bay; the streets are wide; the houses attractive; the market-place unusually large. The place has an appearance of peacefulness, which the ancient ramparts, now covered with turf, only heighten. Of historic memories Trondheim has many. Its cathedral dates from a very early period, and was originally built by St. Olaf, and dedicated to St. Clement; but of Olaf's work little remains but the chapter-house. The south transept is due to Harold Hardcraade, who built it six years before the battle of Hastings; and the north transept, choir, and tower are more than a century younger. Vicissitudes have visited it; thrice—in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries—it has been burnt; several times, notably in 1551, it has been pillaged; in the seventeenth century its spire was blown down, and in the eighteenth its successor was destroyed by lightning. Hardly less unkind had been the hand of the people it overshadows, for at this period the whitewash and plaster of the Philistine had submerged the beautiful carving; marble and alabaster were covered with the same abomination; and four and five stories of galleries ruined the effect of arch and column, and blocked up the windows.

Lying in the bay, about a mile off Trondheim, is the small island of Munkholm, notable as affording foothold for a state prison. When Heber visited it he found among the prisoners a man who had been immured for more than fifty years. Little wonder, perhaps, that his mind had given way. To make matters very much worse, it was found, on making inquiries, that no one really knew the cause of his imprisonment. One man said he had done violence to his father; another, that he had been guilty of criminal extravagance; and a third, mistaking perhaps the effect for the cause, said that he was mad. It is probable that the man was immured for reasons partly private and partly political, for he was of good family, had been a naval officer, and, indeed, was the son of an admiral. It is only fair to add that for some time he had been at liberty to leave his prison—broken down and aged as he was, harmless no longer; or perhaps the fact that, having survived most of his relatives, he had come into abundant means, was a reason for political leniency; but it came too late. No persuasion could remove the old man's objection to forsake the place he knew for the world he had long forgotten, or shake him in the less terrible belief that he was at least three hundred years old.

It was at Trondheim that Heber first met with the skates which are now so familiar to us by their Norwegian name—"ski." He speaks of two battalions of soldiers, drawn from the Trondheim district, drilling in winter shod with ski. "When they exercise in skates they have their rifles slung, and carry a staff in their hands, flattened at the end to prevent its sinking into the snow, and to assist them in the leaps they are sometimes compelled to take when going down hill, which we were told they do with great rapidity, over such obstacles as obstruct their progress. The only difference in their method of drawing up," continues Heber, with his volunteers in his mind, "is, that in winter they allow between the files room to turn in the skates, which they do by changing the right foot by

an extraordinary motion, which would seem enough to dislocate the ankle. We examined a pair of these skates; they are not above six or eight inches broad, and of different lengths, that worn on the left foot being from seven to nine feet long, the other not more than four or five, and chiefly used as a means of directing the other." A few days later, the city trainband turned out for its annual exercise, and the Shropshire volunteer exclaims: "A perfect burlesque, worse than the worst volunteers ever were or ever will be; they were armed with rusty muskets and long three-edged swords, and wore cocked hats, with long blue coats, like our bell-men or town-criers."

The profusion of vegetables made an agreeable impression, which is not unnatural when we remember that in many parts of Norway it is very difficult to get a variety of garden produce. At Trondheim the berries which are commonly eaten all over Norway were much in evidence, and Heber mentions that "cranberries, wortleberries, multiberries (a fruit not very unlike a mulberry, which grows in bogs on a creeping plant resembling a saxifrage), strawberries, and mountain-ash berries are in common use, and much eaten with meat; whenever they appear on a table, you may be sure that a joint of meat is, sooner or later, to make its appearance." It might be added that few Americans of the present day forego the delights of cranberry sauce with that common article of their consumption, the turkey.

Proceeding through a wild country to Roraas—the site of the copper industry of the north—the travellers journeyed along the shore of Lake Oresund to visit an encampment of Finns. Stopping the first night at a small village, where they slept on boards covered with deer skins, they crossed "the most desolate country we have yet seen"—a mixture, one gathers, of lichen-covered rocks and multiberry-covered bog, thin woods of stunted birch, shallow pools, and sluggish streams. Heber compared the white mossy covering of the rocks

to leprosy—yet this was the pasture of the reindeer! It was the month of August; yet while crossing this region a snowstorm swept over the little party and heightened the desolate effect. And, to complete the semi-Arctic scene, groups of reindeer were met with, standing among the rocks with their noses thrust out, sniffing with long breaths the air which bore to them

A FINN ENCAMPMENT.

the new and suspicious scent of "the blood of an Englishman."

On reaching the Finn encampment (the tents of which Heber compares to those of the Terra del Fuegans) they were received in very friendly fashion. Good entertainment—the best they had—was offered by the Finns. They brought out milk and reindeer cheese; and the visitors were asked to rest on reindeer skins. Within the tents, built up of poles and

turfs and skins, the fires smouldered and smoked, and the inhabitants squatted around.

At this time there were some fifteen small Finn camps in the district of Roraas, the people keeping themselves apart from the Norwegians and intermarrying among themselves. The family Heber was now visiting numbered eight in all, including two servants. They seemed to be in a fair state of prosperity, although the housewife, if that term be applicable to a dweller in tents, bitterly complained of the Swedes over the border, who had lately, during some temporary outbreak, "lifted" about a thousand head of deer. This family, however, still had a herd of about five hundred left, and could hardly be in the very straitened circumstances they bewailed. The head of the house was an old man, seventy-eight years of age, and though perfectly blind was otherwise in good health. Heber mentions that the men came up to the elbow of a "common-sized Englishman"—a somewhat vague standard of height; and to their own style of costume —shoes, gaiters, breeches, and long coats of reindeer skin—they had added articles of Norse and Swedish taste. Simple and comparatively primitive as these people seemed, they could all read. Here, too, is an interesting note: "Their mode of milking the reindeer is singular; they first catch it by throwing a noose round the horns, then give it a blow on the loins, on which the animal immediately lifts up its leg, and the Finns, being so dwarfish a race, milk it standing."

A rapid descent of the valley of the Glomm brought the party to Kongsvinger, where they arrived in the middle of the night, to find that, "as usual in Norway," the doors of the inn were unfastened, and there was no difficulty in marching unattended up to a bedroom. The next day they crossed the frontier and entered Sweden; but before following them, there are one or two points of interest which Heber has dwelt on in his private letters, and may be briefly alluded to here.

It will be seen that the party had travelled north by

the Gudbrandsdal, and came south by the Osterdal; thus seeing the richer and less inhospitable section of Norway—that which lies, in fact, between the wild, mountainous country of the west and the Swedish frontier. With the exception of the passage over the Dovre Feld and the brief excursion into the district bordering on the Kiolen Range when they visited the Finn encampment, the country they had passed through was at that time moderately cultivated by a simple peasantry. In many parts they had been struck by the appearance of wealth in the cottages and farms, in the shape of silver spoons and forks, even of silver coffee-pots; and many of the farmers possessed large granaries and storehouses for oats, hops, malt, salt meat, and fish. The people were, as a rule, able to read, and though their reading seldom went beyond Luther's catechism or the Psalm-book, they had a simple—shall I say, Arcadian?—grace of manner. It is but a touch, but the touch is sufficient to call up a pretty picture—that note of how Thornton came upon a farm-maiden, with her long plaits of flaxen hair, playing on a five-stringed guitar to call the cattle home!

Of the lemmings Heber found plentiful traces. In the light of their ravages one might call them the locusts of the north; but in nature and appearance they are very different. You might take a lemming for a small-sized rat, dun-coloured save for the thin rich black streaks on the back, if you did not examine it very closely. They come down from the mountains in enormous troops, and completely devastate the growing crops. Indeed, the lemmings were at this time even more destructive than the spring floods—the numerous mountain torrents in this season overleaping their channels, and pouring all over the lower slopes and valley levels, bringing with them so vast a quantity of stones, large and small, that the land is strewn until it fairly looks like a sea-shore. But the lemmings do their evil work in the autumn; a work so destruc-

tive that we hear of Norway being obliged to import large quantities of corn from England—then, happily, able to provide not only its own wants, but those of others.

I have said that Norway, at the beginning of this century, belonged to Denmark, and was under the rule of the King of Denmark. It is worth noting that, in order to estrange the Norwegians as much as possible from the Swedes, the Danish government imposed a new system—and a bad system—of spelling upon the former. Still, there was no destroying the inherent genius of the language, or its affinities with sister-tongues. Heber was interested—as many an Englishman has been since—to find how like that language is to the English of the north and east. He exclaims that an Englishman, especially a Yorkshireman, can hardly mistake the meaning of such phrases as "bra bairn," an "ox stek," a "skort simmer," or a "cald winter;" or fail to understand when told to "sitta dere," or "ga til kirchen." At this time, it may be added, a rigorous system of caste prevailed in Norway. However rich one of the peasant-caste might become, his son remained in the peasant grade, and was not only compelled to serve his country as a soldier, but at the same time shut out from all chance of becoming an officer.

We may now follow Heber and Thornton on their way to Upsala. The carriage which had been bought at Gottenburg, though rickety, was still of service. The country through which they were now going was very different from that tract of it they had already seen on their way from Gottenburg to Norway. The route to Upsala is rich, varied, and well cultivated. Allowing for the single exception of the rocky substratum, Heber rather happily compared it to Leicestershire. But the rocks are so near the surface that he says that Sweden may be compared, in general, to a marble table covered with baize; it is level indeed, and green, but the veil is thin, and every here and there the stone peeps through the cracks of its covering.

Farming is well understood, and the soil, though very light, is not unproductive.

At Upsala, of course, the attraction was the university. We learn that the professors were provided with houses, and those who were clergy, with prebends in addition. It is noticeable that there were many lay-tutors in Upsala: ninety years ago, at Oxford or Cambridge, it would have been difficult to find any. The students wore black gowns, with scarlet facings —which may interest the scarlet-clothed undergraduate of Aberdeen. At one time the students were differently clad according to their social origin—Swede, Ostrogoth, Westrogoth, Finn, or Vandal; and from this division of "nations" arose the colleges, which are not colleges in our substantial sense, but merely groups of students united under different heads, and having separate endowments attached. At Upsala, Heber found that the professor of Botany had been a good deal in England, and, to his chagrin, professed greater admiration for Cambridge than for Oxford. He complained, bewails the Oxonian, that Oxford was less civilised than Cambridge, and we are told, not without a suspicion of triumph in the words, that "I wanted him to state his grounds of dislike, but could not succeed in keeping him to the point."

Stockholm was the next halting-place, and the beautiful natural features of this city did not fail—have they ever failed?—to make an impression on the travellers. The wooded islands, the steep hills, the fine rocks, on which the town is built, the network of bridges over narrow and winding waters, the open fiord beyond, all unite to make Stockholm the most beautifully situated city in Europe. And to a traveller in Scandinavia the buildings would be more imposing because built of stone and brick. Lofty domes reared up against the overhanging woods; the great palace ("as big, I think," says Heber, "as five Somerset Houses") dominated the city; while seaward the spacious quays presented a front of fine solidity. It is true that the

streets were narrow, and not so clean as they are now; true, too, we fear, that the inns were "as dirty and as dear, and the landlords as impudent, as in any part of the world;" but in the short time they stayed at Stockholm the travellers found Swedish society of the best sort as polished as any they knew; and little to controvert their opinion that for cleanliness, industry, and honesty the Swedes are hard to beat. At the Arsenal—a sort of historical museum—they were, of course, much interested in seeing the uniforms and accoutrements of the heroes Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII. Of the latter Heber writes: "We were surprised to find that this great hero had been so small and slight-made a man; his gloves and boots prove it strongly; neither Thornton nor myself could, with all possible straining, have made the coat button over the breast; with me it absolutely would scarcely come on at all; and the sleeves were also much too short. The sword, however, which is a rapier almost five feet long, has something heroic about it; and there was a standard just by which Charles had taken with his own hands from a Saxon officer."

At the end of September Heber and Thornton crossed the Gulf of Bothnia, sailing from Stockholm, and landing at Abo. I may point out that by crossing to Abo they had not left Sweden. For at the beginning of the century Finland was not wholly Russian; a good half belonged to Sweden, only to be lost during the next war with Russia, and finally ceded, with Bothnia and the Aland Islands, by the treaty of Frederikshamm (1809). The Swedish connection had lasted for six centuries, and whatever of culture Finland possessed was due to Sweden; but Russia did not prove unreasonable, and to this day the Finlanders possess a Diet of their own and a separate army. Further, their language and racial characteristics have gained rather than lost by the change.

But I am anticipating. When Heber crossed the gulf, Aland and Abo were still Swedish. He tells us of the

course between hundreds of rocky islets and of low reefs, some bare and some wooded to the water's edge; he recounts how on an islet they encamped for the night, the sailors only venturing on navigation by day; he is surprised to find that women are counted among the crew, and act as such, and mentions that at Stockholm a man would as soon think of rowing a boat as knitting a stocking; he gossips pleasantly about a poor Finn student who had not the money to pay his passage to Abo, and, in return for a free passage, conversed with them in Latin, "after a most barbarous fashion," on the state of Finland; and he is impressed by the pleasant looks and manners of the people of Aland. Thence across to Abo, which might be described as a place possessing an archbishop, fifteen professors, three hundred students, a ruined castle, a whitewashed cathedral, and, certainly, the most northern university in Europe. Perhaps the chief thing of interest to us is the monument in the cathedral to Sir John Cockburn, one of the many Scotch soldiers who fought under Gustavus Adolphus. Helsingfors and Wyborg Heber found to be "wretched places," though the country was fertile and the people numerous; and at Frederikshamm he entered Russian Finland, and at the same time the dominions of Czar Alexander I.

When Heber visited Russia, the frontiers of that great state were far more contracted than they are now. Yet the century had just closed on a series of territorial expansions nothing less than remarkable. Round the small Slavonic princedoms of Novgorod and Kiev the Ivans and Alexis had gathered state after state, until the Empire of Russia took shape and substance; the fourth and last Ivan had even crossed the Urals and annexed Siberia. But although he swept down on the Cossacks and absorbed them, the coveted Black Sea, and that of Azov, were still outside the boundary of his empire. Early in the eighteenth century, however, in the reign of Peter the Great and for the first time in her history, Russia burst

the barriers that insulated her in a continental mass of land, and gained an outlet to the world on the shores of the Baltic. The foundation of Petersburg commemorates that triumph. Later on came the conquests on the Caspian ; and under Catherine II. the Crimea and the Black Sea were reached. The fortress-cities of Sevastopol and Odessa arose to mark this important step. Just before this, and for twelve years subsequently, the encroachments on the old kingdom of Poland proceeded so successfully that round the whole of Poland, with the single exception of the Duchy of Warsaw (soon to meet the same fate), the frontiers of the White Czar were drawn. Courland followed, and from the Black Sea to the Baltic Russia ruled the region abutting on the kingdoms of Prussia and Hungary. Then she crossed the Caucasus, and Georgia fell to her sword.

What remained? Swedish Finland—to complete Russian supremacy of the eastern littoral of the Baltic ; and Warsaw—to finally wipe Poland off the map. This completed Russian Europe, if we anticipate the pacification of much that was newly won and not yet Slavonised, and overlook that little piece of Bessarabia which was to make her almost next-door neighbour to European Turkey, but which she does not get until 1878. In Asia she is to plunder Persia, Bokhara, Afghanistan, Turkestan, and even far Japan ; but with this we have nothing now to do. When Heber came into Russia, Poland, the Crimea, and Georgia were but newly won ; Swedish Finland watched and fettered Russian action on the Neva ; Czar Paul, with his mad policies and furious enmities, had fallen by the assassin's hand in the Mikhailovski Palace, and Alexander I. reigned in his stead.

Petersburg—the creation of the man who found Russia Asiatic and left it European—was at this time barely a hundred years old. Yet it was a city of striking proportions and magnificent buildings. Heber crossed the Neva on the bridge of boats, and, looking

up and down the river, beheld the great buildings on the banks which to-day form the chiefest claim of Petersburg to a beautiful city. It was early in October when he arrived, and the "little winter" of the Russians—a short season of frost which usually accompanies the autumn—had begun. Soon, however, the frost of the real winter set in, although not in great severity till the middle of November. So the travellers began purchasing furs and preparing for the rigours of a Russian winter.

Towards the end of October Heber wrote home to his mother that the Russians of the upper classes were already in their furs; but he added: "I have observed both here and in Sweden, where the cold is always comparatively moderate, that the gentlemen, from their indolent—I had almost said effeminate—lives, and from the great heat of their houses, are much more chilly than Englishmen. If a Swede rides out the hottest day in summer, the probability is that he wears a swansdown great coat and a silk handkerchief about his mouth and ears; nor shall I ever forget the looks of astonishment and alarm which an open window never failed to produce. An officer in the guards would as soon, or sooner, face a cannon than a draught of air."

Heber and Thornton intended, at this time, to stay in Petersburg till Christmas, and then travel west into Germany. But everything depended on the turn that the war should take, and it will be seen that these plans were very considerably modified. Meanwhile let us follow him as he moves about Russia, and notes the ways of the Russians at the beginning of this century.

In the first place we find that he is not disposed to admire Petersburg. It was, perhaps, too new, and certainly too shoddy, for the young man who sprang from an ancient family and was reared amid the venerable colleges of Oxford. There is nothing more striking, he exclaims, than the rottenness of this splendid city.

Accustomed to blocks of solid stone, he is aghast at the stuccoed houses, churches, and public buildings. From the porticoes of palaces and churches the stucco was often broken away, revealing rotten bricks below. Nevertheless, in spite of the sham and the want of solidity, there was a magnificence which arrested the eye and commanded admiration. The great domes, the many spires, the countless minarets blazed in the light of the sun like fire, for they were all richly gilded. Along the banks of the Neva the long succession of sumptuous palaces compelled praise; their domes and turrets too were gilded, and huge gilt railings fenced off their gardens. The domed Taurida Palace, the Hermitage, the Winter Palace, the palace of St. Michael with its gilded spire, the huge citadel with great bulging bastions of granite—looking the vaster and more durable for the little cottage of Peter the Great which nestled below,—these are some of the long ranges of buildings, magnificent if only with a semi-barbaric magnificence, which make the Neva prospect so admirable. Then, on entering the town, buildings of hardly less note met the eye. Driving past the statue of Peter the Great to the Quai de Galerenhof, Heber writes, "Our admiration was continually on the stretch;" and he adds that "it is certain that, however deficient in taste, convenience, or durability each building taken separately may appear, as a whole the plan and *coup d'œil* of Petersburg may be considered as almost a standard of beauty. . . . Its streets are generally very wide, and the houses low, nor always contiguous; the Nevska perspective is the principal, which is divided in the middle by a raised gravel walk, railed in and planted with lime trees. These rails, as well as all public buildings, bridges, sentry-boxes, and guard-houses, are chequered black and white; this was a whim of Paul's. The houses are mostly very large, built round courts, and generally divided into twenty or thirty different tenements. I remember Kerr Porter hunting about a whole morning for a house of which he

knew both the street and the number." He makes three exceptions, it should be added, to the prevailing system of building with inferior brick, and plastering it with stucco in imitation of stone,—the Marble Palace, the Marble Church, and the Cathedral of Our Lady of Kazan; but there were many houses and churches which were painted in imitation of marble, and it seems that the Russians attained great skill in the counterfeit. "The marble," says Heber, "it is impossible to distinguish from real;" and he adds, with a sense of the useful, "it costs one ruble the square arskine." (An arskine is equal to two feet four inches. I might also mention here that forty Russian pounds equal thirty-six pounds English, and that at this time a ruble was worth two shillings and eightpence English money. As one hundred copeks go to the ruble, the value of a copek would be about a third of a penny.)

Excellent introductions to the British Embassy and other influential persons gave the young travellers the *entrée* to everything worth seeing. Heber seems to have been little impressed by Czarsco-Zelo or Gatchina, except for their great size and the interest inspired by their associations. The former was the favourite home of Catherine II.—the latter was bought by Czar Paul from Potemkin. At Czarsco-Zelo there was a huge glass gallery used as a winter resort by the inmates; and here Heber saw the bust of Charles James Fox between those of Demosthenes and Cicero. The attitude of Fox to the French Revolution caused him to fall out of favour, and the bust was removed, only to be replaced by Paul. The situation of Czarsco-Zelo did not meet with Heber's approval; it is, he says, "the most dirty and boggy conceivable." On the other hand, we are interested in hearing that "its gardens are laid out in the English manner; and the gardener here, as almost everywhere throughout Russia, is of English extraction." Later on, describing a visit to the Taurida Palace (which had been presented to the Empress Catherine by Potemkin, prime favourite and

the virtual ruler of Russia during her reign), he finds that the gardener is "an old servant of Mr. W. Booth's, of Latham." Visiting the Winter Palace, he is impressed with the simplicity of the Imperial private rooms; and very interested in the suite of apartments occupied by Czar Paul just previous to his assassination.

The story of that assassination was told in the papers of General Sablukov, who was on duty at the time. Czar Paul was actually strangled by Zubov, Pahlen, and other conspirators—if this term may be applied to men who acted for the good of their country. Paul had imperilled that country's safety by his mad policy, and incurred the hatred of his subjects by his injustice and caprice; it was almost universally felt that he should be made to abdicate; but action was left to the desperate, and not unnaturally the desperate made away with him altogether.

Paul's apartments were preserved by his widow in precisely the same state in which he left them. Heber tells us that "not a book or article of furniture has been removed from its exact place; one book in particular remains turned down open on its face, to mark where he had left off reading. The table is covered with models for cocked hats and uniforms, and the walls with coloured half-sheets, representing the uniforms of the different Russian regiments; his clothes and linen are lying carelessly about the room, and are preserved with the same religious care. In an adjoining library were deposited regularly the standards of the different regiments in garrison in Petersburg, and these have also been allowed to remain. What appears to be a part of the bookcase slides back, and you ascend by a dark and narrow staircase into an unsuspected suite of rooms above, small, low, and not to be discovered even on the outside of the building by those who are not thoroughly acquainted with it. They consist of a bedroom, study, and oratory, all filled with a collection of miniature pictures, and richly furnished; but the appearance of the whole is gloomy and desolate, and

gives the idea of the tyrant's den in Dryden's 'Sigismonda and Guiscardo.'"

Heber reached Petersburg just before the date of the Battle of Trafalgar; and, shortly afterwards, we find him writing home that the war against France is very popular, and that the Russian people are friendly to England and appreciate Pitt, though they could not understand his policy of inactivity during the coalition then in force. He says, too, that the Russians are inclined to attribute the Austrian reverses to this lack of British support, and adds, "Thank God, the victory of Trafalgar, followed up by the arrival of General Don at Cuxhaven, has turned the scale in our favour, and the destruction of Boulogne, of which we are in daily hopes to hear, will give new spirits to the friends of England, and of what is emphatically called 'the good cause.'"

The Emperor was away at the seat of war when Heber arrived at Petersburg; but the overthrow of General Mack at Ulm, who was in October forced by Napoleon to surrender with 28,000 Austrians at his back; the subsequent occupation of Vienna by the French; and the defeat of the allied armies of Russia and Austria at Austerlitz in December, led to the treaty of Pressburg and temporary peace. Austerlitz was the greatest battle that had yet been fought in Europe; Trafalgar was for awhile forgotten, and the blow fell with such force on Pitt that he died six weeks later. If anything could add to the sense of all-round defeat which the European powers, banded together against Napoleon, were then enduring, it was the cession of Prussia to France (in return for Napoleon's bribe of Hanover)—a step, by the way, which made it impossible for Heber to return to England direct through that country.

Czar Alexander came back from the defeat of Austerlitz to the sympathy of a devoted people. "His arrival," says Heber, "was perfectly sudden and unexpected; he was at Gatchina, thirty miles from

hence, before his setting out from the army was known, and arrived in Petersburg about five in the morning. His first visit was paid to the Cathedral of our Lady of Kazan, where he spent some time in prayer; he then joined his wife and mother at the palace. The people, in the meantime, assembled in prodigious crowds before the gate; and when, about half-past nine, he came out to inspect the guard, the whole mob gave one of the most tremendous and universal shouts which I ever heard; they thronged round him, kissing his hands, his boots, and clothes, with an enthusiasm which perfectly disregarded the threats and cudgels of the police officers. Some men were telling their beads and crossing themselves; others, with long black beards, crying and blubbering like children, and the whole scene was the most affecting picture of joy which I ever saw. When he was at length disengaged he went along the line, each company as he passed giving him the deep-toned short cheer which is their customary morning exclamation, 'Bless you, Alexander Povlovitz.' His person is not unlike the idea I had previously formed, though he is rather thinner and slighter made. I cannot help fancying that his countenance is strongly expressive of the great fatigue and inquietude which he has undergone; but, as I never saw him before, I am, of course, very unable to judge of his present looks. He is certainly a handsome man, but loses much of his height by stooping, which is, perhaps, occasioned by his being very short-sighted. His arrival has contributed greatly to keep up the spirits of the Petersburgers, who comfort themselves now with abusing the conduct of Austria, and submit with great cheerfulness to a new levy of one man in every hundred."

Elsewhere Heber mentions that the Emperor's chief amusement lay in drilling his guards, the daily parade of which was a very fine sight; as the troops passed the Emperor they invariably shouted their curious salute, "Bless you, Alexander, son of Paul." The habits of Alexander were very simple, he and the

Empress living "more like private persons than princes." Heber tells us that the Court and the town were "the dullest in the world." Through influential friends he obtained access to the palace, and saw Alexander's private study and dressing-room. The study was, we are told, "apparently just as he had left it, and answered completely to my ideas of what a monarch's retirement should be." Here is the ideal: "The table was heaped with books, which we were not allowed to meddle with or take up, but among which I thought I distinguished Guichard and Folard; and round the room, which is small, were piled a great number of swords, musquets, rifles, and bayonets of different kinds and inventions; in the window-seats were some books of finance."

Heber, a Greek scholar, was naturally interested in the way in which the Greek tongue had been mixed with Russian. He writes to his brother Richard that, after paying a number of visits, they tell the driver to drive Δομως (*domus*, home). A Nestor hands a plate and an Athanasius drives a sledge; and in one of his letters he humorously says that he fears he will be "too late for the ΠΩΣΤ" (post), "for so is the post spelt and pronounced by a Russian."

The number of dependants—these were, of course, the days of serfdom—for so recent a period as the beginning of this century, seemed to a native of Western Europe nothing less than extraordinary; for at this date a gentleman in Russia seldom owned less than fifty, and the greater noblemen frequently had as many as five hundred servants. Although the owner possessed great authority over his slaves, and could flog or imprison them, he was held accountable to the law for any great or unreasonable cruelty. Heber encountered cases where noblemen had been immured in monasteries for cruelty to slaves; he speaks of a certain countess who had been for years in prison in Moscow for a similar cause; on the other hand, the slaves sometimes retaliated, generally using poison as their agent.

There was one ceremony which Heber witnessed at Petersburg, and must not be overlooked by his biographer. It was his first introduction to Mohammedans and their worship. The beginning of the month Ramadan—the Mohammedan Lent—was celebrated with some stateliness in Petersburg, owing to the great number of Mohammedans resident in the city. Heber remarks that "they were the most decent, attentive congregation" that he had seen since he had left England—which reflects alike on Lutherans, Roman and Greek Catholics. He mentions, by the way, that he saw a sailor strip himself nearly naked in order that he might not wear green when at prayer—green being the colour of the Russian uniform, and also the colour forbidden to all but the direct descendants of the Prophet. These enthusiasts had met in the hall of the Mikhailovski Palace, adorned with sculptures and effigies of eagles; over all these carven images sheets had been carefully drawn and fastened.

It is somewhat curious, knowing whither Heber's steps would lead him before the end came, to find him writing that "this is indeed the only sight of Mohammedan manners which, in all probability, I shall ever have." And it is interesting to note the attitude of sympathy he had thus early assumed to the followers of a creed which, though it is answerable for many fearful crimes and enormous social degradation, has yet begotten noble virtues.

And now, grumbling a good deal at the expense of dress in Russia—the cheapest winter suit of furs costing from twenty-five to thirty guineas—Heber and Thornton started, after a visit to Cronstadt and the Peterhof, on their sledge-journey to Moscow. It was the last day but one of an eventful year, on December 30th, 1805, that this observant brace of travellers set out on their mid-winter journey over the frozen plains of Russia. They travelled by post at a rapid rate, and soon reached the Valdai Mountains, which Heber characterised as low stony hills, the Russians not knowing what mountains

were. These hills formed the ancient frontier between Novgorod and Great Russia, for even at the time when Heber wrote Petersburg was merely considered a conquest and a colony, and Novgorod itself was an acquisition. Looking down upon Valdai from the neighbouring hills, Heber likened the view of the city to that of Oxford as seen from the Banbury road. They came in sight of it about sunrise, and we are told that Thornton drew the curtains of the kibitka and called out, "England!"

The country through which they had travelled was neither fertile nor beautiful,—"the most flat and uninteresting I ever saw,"—and the district thence to Moscow was only less unattractive. The kibitka, the carriage in which they travelled (their own vehicle had gradually become more and more decrepit as it wandered through Sweden and Norway, and on reaching Petersburg, after having served their turn for two thousand miles, it finally succumbed), was the usual conveyance employed by Russian gentlemen on winter journeys. Heber described it as nothing more than a very large bottomless cradle, covered over with leather, and having a leather curtain. This cradle was placed on a sledge; on this the luggage was carefully packed, and over the luggage was laid a mattress. It is on this mattress that the travellers reclined, or, with the aid of pillows, sat up to look out on the country. Given good roads, weather not too cold, and plenty of warm furs, a journey in such a vehicle was comfortable enough.

Having their guns with them, they occasionally left the sledge and enjoyed some sport with the large black grouse of Russia, which is nearly as large as a turkey; but the birds were wild, and close quarters impossible. Though wolves sometimes crossed their road it was at night, and Heber tells us that before either he or Thornton could be roused and get their guns out the beasts were lost in the fir forests. Making the best of all their opportunities, the travellers found out what

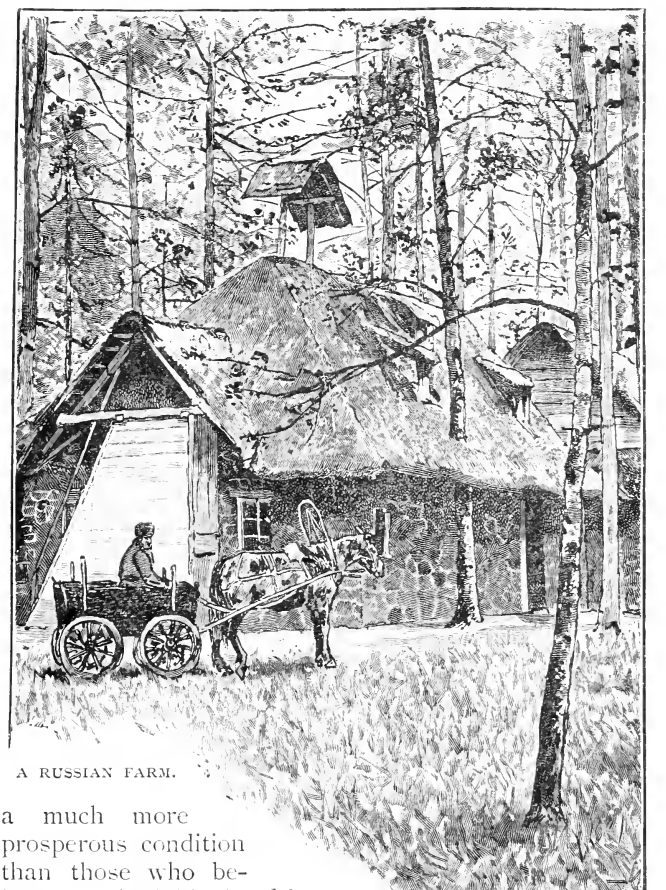
they could about the state of the peasantry, and visited the serfs in their cottages.

A Russian cottage, we are told, is "always built of logs cemented with clay and moss, and is generally larger than an English one; it has two stories, one of which is half sunk and serves as a storehouse; two-thirds of the upper story are taken up with the principal room, where they sit and sleep; and the remainder is divided between a closet, where they cook their victuals, and an immense stove, not unlike an oven, which heats the whole building, and the top of which—for the chimney is only a small flue on the side—serves as a favourite sitting and sleeping place, though we could scarcely bear to lay our hands on it. In the corner of the great room always stands the bed of the master and mistress of the family, generally very neat, and with curtains, sometimes of English cotton; the other branches of the family sleep on the stove or floor. In the post-houses, which differ in no respect from this description, we always found good coffee, tea, and cream; nothing else can be expected, and we carried our other provisions with us."

The country grew richer with every verst they travelled. Sanki after sanki (one-horse sledges) passed them in rapid succession—Heber thought he passed a thousand in a day—all laden with provisions for Petersburg. The horses were well grown and well fed, and could be cajoled into a very good pace. The drivers either sang their folk-songs or shouted to their horses as they went. They seldom beat their horses, but would argue with them in a most peaceable manner; should this prove unavailing, the driver would try abuse, and call his steed a wolf or a Jew—than which he knew no expression more contemptuous! The people all bore a strong family likeness—Heber was approaching the heart of the Slav country—and were alike good-humoured, dirty, and sheepskin clad.

There appeared to be one great distinction between the serfs of the country, arising out of the position

of their proprietor. All the crown serfs, and nearly all those who belonged to very great nobles, were in



A RUSSIAN FARM.

a much more prosperous condition than those who belonged to individuals of less wealth. Nearly the whole of the former were assessed at a fixed rate—five rubles per annum for crown serfs and ten rubles for noblemen's; and, owing to the

circumstances of their lord, they knew that they were practically safe from interference or alteration of their rents. The result was that it paid them to be industrious, and a large number of the serfs were in really affluent positions. Although technically all serfs were compelled to work so many days in each week for their proprietors, as a matter of fact it was to their mutual benefit for the serf to work on his own account and be assessed so much per annum for the privilege. But the master provided him with a cottage and a small allotment, the nature and site of which, by the way, were decided by a meeting of the peasantry under the presidency of the Starosta, the elder of the village. Of course domestic serfs and those employed in manufacture were freed from such rent, and were, in addition, provided with food and clothing. On the other hand, those who went to the large towns in order to make more money, and those generally who embarked in trade, were assessed at a higher rent. This system of paying rent for leave to employ one's time on one's own account was carried to such an extent that the aged and feeble, when they preferred to roam the country as beggars, had to pay rent for permission to beg. But it may be added that these old fellows could, if they pleased, remain at home and receive, at the expense of their master, a cottage, some food, and, perhaps, all needful clothing.

At last the 720 versts—or 520 miles—of road between Petersburg and Moscow had been galloped over, and on January 3rd the three travellers—for our Consul-General, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Daniel Bayley had joined them in their journey—reached Moscow.

It will be interesting if we note, as briefly as possible, the chief features of the city of Moscow as observed by Heber. Many of them had only a few more years of existence; six short years later Moscow was to be destroyed by its own people; to be burnt over the heads of that vast army, more numerous than any army yet led in Europe; so strangely mixed and

motley that the legions of Xerxes and their fate form a startling parallel; yet apparently so powerful and overwhelming that its advance has been called "the storm of nations"—that *grande armée* of Napoleon, which was to suffer so fearfully in its retreat that for every man who returned alive seven were left stark and dead on Russian soil.

Heber, writing to his mother on his arrival, says that they reached "this over-grown village, for I can compare it to nothing else, in the moonlight;" but his subsequent descriptions reveal both the magnitude and magnificence of this ancient city. Grown up on a wide plain, watered by the river Moskva, Moscow seemed to him about the size of London and Westminster. There were two cities, if one may say so: the old city—parallel to that of London—called Kitai-gorod, the city of Kathay; and the new Russian city which grew up outside its walls after the Tartar conquest, and called Biel-gorod, the White City. The old Tartar walls still surrounded Kitai-gorod; the high brick towers, pagoda-shaped, still stood sentry over its ramparts. Gateways and gates were as Oriental as those of any Tartar city in Asia. In the treasury of the Kremlin, the crowns of Kazan, Astrachan, Siberia, and a dozen other Asiatic kingdoms were securely housed — representing a long series of conquests. Perhaps the finest view of the old city was to be had from above the famous Saracenic gate of the Kremlin. From the summit of St. Michael's tower, standing in the middle of the great court, you might behold this beautiful prospect turned into a map. Right and left of you would be the churches—Christianised mosques—in one of which Russia crowned its Czars and in the other buried them. Beyond were barracks and public buildings, a group of convents, and the archiepiscopal palace. Around rose terrace above terrace and tower beyond tower, their gilded spires forking to a golden flame in the crescents which still crowned them. Fancifully did Heber think, as he walked up the magnificent

stair-case of the Kremlin and looked around him, that he was the hero of an Eastern tale, and expect to meet with the talking-bird or the singing-water of Oriental romance.

It is interesting to note that he has left a careful

THE KREMLIN.

catalogue of the chief buildings of old Moscow. The list runs thus: The Kremlin, with its magnificent cluster of buildings; the seven-spired Church of St. Basil, whose architect lost his eyes by order of Ivan II.; the Club of the Nobles; the Foundling Hospital; the Imperial Palace in the Slobodi; Prince Gallitzin's Hospital; the Theatre; M. Paschkof's house; the

University; the College for Foreign Affairs; the Admiralty; and Menzikof's pagoda-like church. The streets of the more modern town were very wide, and wound in fine curves, in contrast to the irregular and narrower streets of the older part. Though forbidden by law, many of the houses, perhaps one-half, were built of wood. The architecture, of course, was very mixed, but over everything, in both cities, the hand of the Tartar had not been content merely to pass—it had rested.

One house, in particular, arrested the attention of the travellers. A fine building, used as a warehouse, bore on its gateway the sign of the lion and the unicorn. It had formerly been the house of the English ambassadors. But, in place of the royal arms, a Russian inscription had been carved, and this informed the world that the English were regicides and heathens, and had been expelled the Russian Empire. The immediate cause for this had been the death of Charles I.

Several of the churches had been built or "restored" by the unfortunate Solarius. He was an Italian, a Milanese. After building St. Basil at Moscow he was so singularly indiscreet as to proclaim that he had often seen finer churches in Italy! Ivan II. promptly had his eyes put out,—in order, we may presume, to prevent a similar experience occurring in the future. The Churches of the Assumption and St. Michael were both his, and they were both an adaptation of the Greek orders to Tartar outlines. In the former the Czars were buried; and in the latter, the walls of which were plated with silver, the patriarchs of the Greek Church. Near by, in the library of the Synod of that church, a robe was shown which had belonged to the patriarch Nicon; it was embroidered in pearls with the words of the Nicene Creed. It may be mentioned in passing that on festal days these patriarchs used to ride through Moscow on horses shod with silver.

This short description of Moscow must not be con-

cluded without mentioning the Foundling Hospital, which was a national institution, supported, among other ways, by a royalty imposed on every theatrical performance throughout the empire! About six hundred children were maintained and educated in the home itself; but a far larger number passed through its hands in the course of a year. In the year previous to Heber's visit, three thousand children (save forty) had been benefited by its work. Children were taken without inquiry, and immediately baptised, unless proof was offered of previous baptism. After they were vaccinated they were sent into the provinces in the charge of nurses; at the age of five they came back to be educated; at the age of eighteen they left the institution with some money and clothing. The boys were educated as tailors, shoemakers, etc., but many of the more capable were given a good medical education. The girls often became medical nurses, but more usually were brought up as embroiderers and the like.

Socially, Heber found Moscow in advance of Petersburg. Amusement, he says, is the great business of Moscow, and to do the people justice they did that business perfectly. At Moscow, for the first time since leaving England, he met with women who were "really interesting." At the *soirées* given by the nobles, he writes to his brother that he saw many faces that might have belonged to Lancashire or Cheshire. So hospitable did he find them, that he only dined once at home during his stay, and for that night he had an invitation which he had declined. Heber moved here, as elsewhere, in the "very best society," as we somewhat oddly say. Among those with whom he made friendships were Archbishop Plato, of whom he has left a most interesting account, and much valuable information on the state of the Russian clergy at that time; Counts Osterman and Orloff, well-known figures in Russian politics; Count Alexis Pushkin, the great antiquary; and Prince Dashkoff (who had been a pupil of Robertson at Edinburgh). Of M. Karamsin, whose

travels in Europe were then very famous, he and Thornton saw much, and Heber mentions that on referring to his travels the Imperial historiographer (for that was his post then) shook his head and said he was very young when he wrote them. The *Edinburgh Review* had recently reviewed them hostilely, and a rival author (for he had his rivals) translated the Scotch article into Russian, and "circulated it through

FOUNDLING HOSPITAL GROUNDS, MOSCOW.

Moscow with great solicitude." In the Princess Dashkof they made a good friend and an interesting; she, it will be remembered, was a great ally of Catherine II. This courtly old lady's upper costume usually consisted of a man's great coat with a star affixed to the breast, while above it all she wore a night-cap. The military governor of Moscow was exceedingly kind to the young travellers; and the head of the university extended such hospitality that Heber says "Oxford

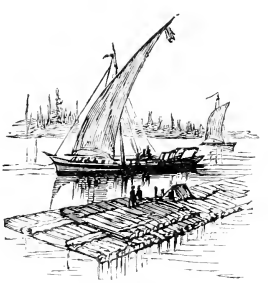
itself need not have been ashamed." From members of the British Embassy they had much help in the way of introductions—Lord Stuart de Rothesay being particularly mentioned.

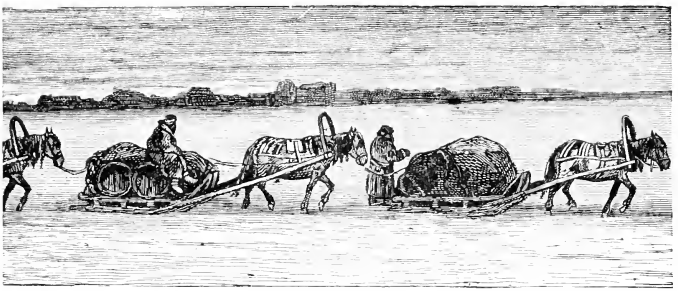
Although Moscow society could converse in two or three languages—German, French, and Italian as a rule—beside its own, such ability did not prevent its being curiously ignorant of other countries. Heber was frequently asked if the English did not hang their prisoners of war; he was even asked if English women were not slaves, and sold with a halter about their necks. Of course these were exceptions, but the remark held good as a rule. On the other hand, foreign fashions were much in vogue. The favourite material for women's clothes was silk—even the women of the lower classes wearing silk handkerchiefs on their heads. Among the wealthier classes silk was the fashionable material for gowns, and the young women wore costumes gorgeously embroidered with thread. Bonnets and headdresses entirely composed of pearls were common wear among them. The Oriental in their nature came out, too, in an excessive use of paint—even the dead, when laid out for the farewells of friends and acquaintances, had their faces thickly and brightly painted. Dancing and card-playing formed a large part of the social festivities, and play ran high; but young people were neither supposed nor, indeed, allowed to play cards. The manners of society were not only polished, but the real expression of honest welcome and kindly hearts.

After a brief journey to the north-east as far as Kostroma, through, at that time, a district quite unknown to Europe—Heber and Thornton, I believe, were the first English travellers who had visited Kostroma—they returned to Moscow and prepared for departure. The news of Pitt's death had then arrived, and the state of the Continent prevented an immediate return to England. It was accordingly decided to travel south to Tcherkask, the capital of the Cossack country, and

after a sojourn among that interesting people to cross over to the Crimea, from the Crimea to journey to Odessa, and pass thence to Vienna. It was hoped that Austria would by that time have become more tranquillised; and, at any rate, at Odessa they would be able to hear the latest news. The French had evacuated Germany, and so the travellers planned their route home from Vienna *viâ* Dresden and Berlin. Heber was particularly anxious to pass through that part of the Continent which had recently been the theatre of war: "It would be almost a crime," he wrote to his brother, "to lose the opportunity of obtaining the information which may be derived from seeing a country recovering from the effects of so terrible an invasion."

On March 13th, then, they left the city of Moscow bound for the south. But they looked back on that city, with its fifteen hundred spires, with a genuine regret. The two months they had spent in it had been passed in much social enjoyment and interesting study.





SLEDGES IN FILE.

CHAPTER III.

AMONG THE COSSACKS.

TRAVELLING in a light vehicle, to all intents and purposes an ordinary carriage, though mounted on a sledge, they made rapid progress on their southern journey. Comfortable, too, they found it, and so arranged that they could lie down at full length and make their beds in it—no small virtue when travelling in a country where beds were few and far between. A fortnight later they arrived at Kharkov, after passing for about nine hundred miles through a stretch of desolate country. In the early part of the journey the snow had been very deep, and in the later they had crossed wide districts of muddy morass and flooded country; both impeded progress. But, perhaps, this loss of time was gain to knowledge, as a closer acquaintance could be formed with the character and habits of the people. The largeness of the towns and the number of churches seem to have been the most noteworthy surprise.

Heber has left us a fairly good picture of the ordinary country house of the Russian landlord at this period. Of rural magnificence there were no traces, and the Russian counterpart of our country squire seldom possessed a house which would approach in size, not to speak of comfort, those to be found in their hundreds in any English county. Small in extent, low in height,

and built of wood, these houses were more like the bungalows of a warmer clime. Few had more than one story, and four or five decent rooms. These rooms opened into each other in almost invariable order: the first being the dining-room. The bedroom of laird and lady was used also as a general sitting-room; behind lay the kitchen and "some dirty holes where the servants and the other members of the family sleep." There were no guest-chambers, visitors being provided with beds upon the sofa and the floor. "A Russian," Heber tells us, "sleeps with but one sheet; over him he has only a single coverlet, and seldom takes off any clothes but his shoes and coat. The women sleep in nightgowns (*i.e.*, what we should call dressing-gowns); an English lady at Moscow was taxed with great indecency because she undressed at night. They generally rise early, and are dressed in a few minutes; a servant pours a little water on their hands, they wash their own faces, and their toilet is soon finished. They sometimes take a single cup of tea, but never anything more before noon; an English breakfast is, I believe, unknown on the Continent. At Moscow we were sometimes invited to breakfast *à l'Anglais;* but always found that they imagined an English breakfast was a meal on beefsteaks and champagne."

One or two incidents of the journey south will show, better than any continuous diary, the sort of experiences which Heber and his friend encountered. At one place, for example, they were blocked for six hours in a snowdrift; in another the horses gave out, and the drivers said that it was no wonder—the Englishmen had "evil eyes." A few days later the travelling carriage was bogged, and a dozen horses had gradually to be borrowed from passing sankies before it could be extricated. But as they made "southing" the snow began to disappear, and although there were swollen rivers to cross and muddy tracks to toil painfully through, no mishap beyond those to be expected in any journey in a wild country was encountered.

At Tula, a small sort of Russian Birmingham, they had noted that at the arm-factories it was quite a common trick to put the word "London" on the guns; so clumsily, however, was the fraud perpetrated that this persuasive "certificate of origin" was frequently engraved in Russian characters! Reaching Kursk they soon afterwards arrived at Kharkov.

This city is the capital of the Sloboda Ukraine. Of Ukraines there were two—that on the west, in the basin of the Dnieper, being the Polish Ukraine; and that on the east, in the basin of the Don, being the Sloboda Ukraine. The people of the Polish Ukraine had had for three centuries a series of conflicts with Russia, now being subdued into submission and now breaking out into rebellion again under some patriotic hetman. The last great insurrection had been led by Mazeppa; but it was doomed to failure. Nevertheless the people of the western Akraine maintained an independence in their dress and manners—of Polish-Tartar origin—and when Heber visited them could not say a good word for the Russians. On the other hand, the inhabitants of the Sloboda Ukraine, on the east (Ukraine, by the way, has much the same meaning as our "Border"), were in origin Cossack, and though all their independence had been taken from them, they clung to their own language and dress. Their district is more commonly called "Little Russia." On the whole the people seemed to lead a fairly easy life—the greatest want in the country being the scarcity of wood. Large herds of cattle were everywhere seen, but milk was at a premium, and rarely obtainable, owing to the fact that it was seldom drunk, and no butter or cheese ever made. "The little milk we could get," says Heber, "was always considered as so much stolen from the calf."

On March 29th they reached Baemuth, the old frontier of Malo or Little Russia, of the khanate of the Crimea, and the first town in what was now called New Russia. It marks the threshold of the

steppes. The country thence to Taganrog was a wide treeless plain, the soil of chalky clay, with here and there a village or a town, chiefly noteworthy for the groups of willows planted about them. Portions of this steppe were ploughed, and the people actually produced more corn than they consumed. Scattered over the steppe were many tumuli, usually surmounted with some figure rudely carved of limestone. Dirty were the houses, wretched seemed the people; yet labour commanded a good price, and the serfs had easier times than those of Great Russia. No doubt the damp soil, bringing with it malarial fevers, exercised a permanent influence on the physique of the people. The post-houses were miserable affairs—lean-to huts jammed in a hole in some bank or slope. Occasionally a hill arose from the plain, but league upon league the country was a dead level, and if not actually a marsh, at least deep with mire. The most cheerful sight were the susliks, the marmots of the steppes, who scampered about like rabbits, uttering their shrill whistles at every turn. With the fecundity of rabbits, these little creatures were the plague of the country: they burrowed and bred with such persistence that large parts of the steppe were like a rabbit-warren. High overhead floated eagles, with glittering eyes fixed on the little susliks; and large flocks of the great buzzard were similarly occupied. Occasionally, too, the peasant, whose corn was rapidly devoured as it sprang above ground, would come and pour water down the burrows, and so the lively little susliks did not have things all their own way—especially in summer, when the steppe became less miry, and troops of Calmuks wandered about, pitching their tents hither and thither, and making deep cauldrons of suslik soup. As the steppe nears Taganrog, a northern slope has to be ascended, and then, as you travel along the grassy ridge, it suddenly terminates in a steep cliff, and there, at your feet, lies the city, and, beyond, the Sea of Azov.

The "Cape of the Tea-kettle"—a name which

Taganrog owes to the shape of the bluff on which its fortress is built, is neither high nor particularly grand in character; but it has a simple dignified outline, of good proportions, and is consequently imposing in appearance. But the town in Heber's time was the exact reverse. The buildings were not only humble but dirty; the people, though in easy circumstances, were dirty too; there was practically no cultivated society, the chief portion of the trade being in the hands of European "supercargoes," whose private character would hardly have borne even a cursory examination. Of the people, the greater part were Greeks of low position, very ignorant and very unprogressive; but there were Russian peasants in fair number—no Russian persons of the upper class—Cossacks in profusion, some Armenians, and not a few Jews. All things were dear at Taganrog with but two exceptions—corn and fish; the one being grown in great quantity in the district, and the other being found in enormous quantities on the spot.

Here, in fact, at the mouth of the Don, the natural provision of fish tended to become a plague. The sturgeon was common, and the enormous "white fish" —running to fourteen or fifteen feet in length—formed the staple food of the people. Although a large trade was carried on in fish, the refuse that accumulated was so great that both here and at many other places along the eastern shores of the Sea of Azov vast stacks of putrid fish, piled up for purposes of manure, were as numerous as, and, at times, even more numerous than, the houses. And the atmosphere of this locality conveyed its dominant odour, not only from the heaps of fish rejected of the salters, but also from the millions of the fine and chosen, which lay drying along the banks of the Don, or the shore of the sea, carpeting them as closely almost as grass. Above them, on the sheltered side of the downs, were the vineyards: is it so surprising that the wine of Taganrog was so bad as to be nauseous? Yet on their fishing trade, and on their

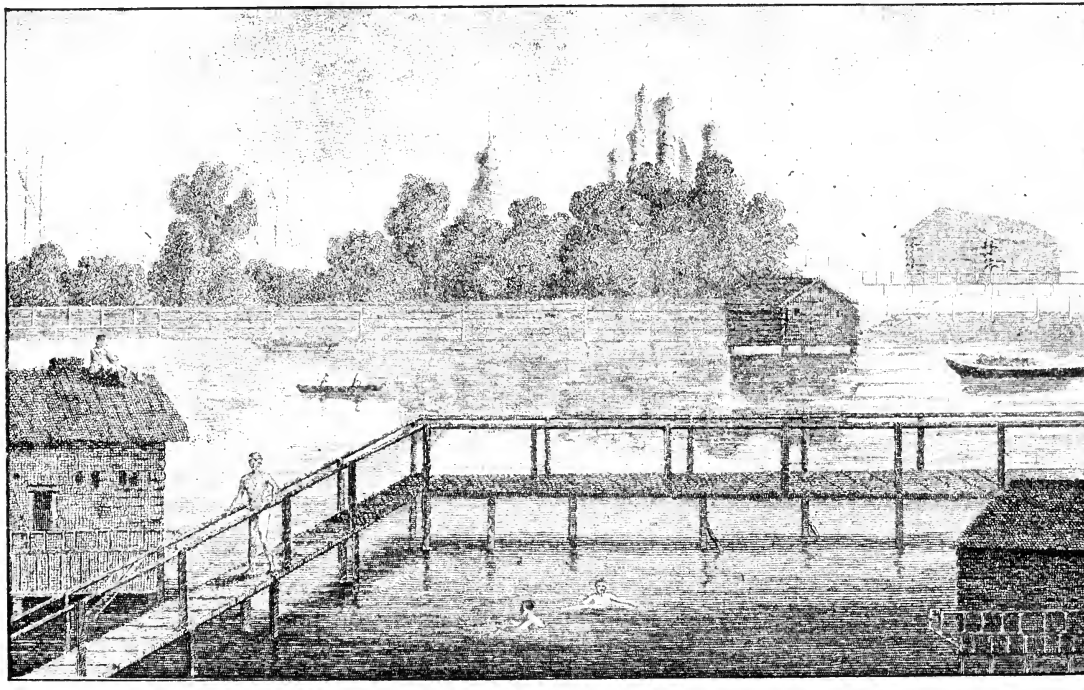
export of corn, the people kept themselves in comparative ease—we prefer the word to comfort. The climate did not prevent their industry, and impoverish them—as it so often does—during a certain season of the year. For, by a strange reversal of man's experience in other regions, a mild winter at Taganrog meant poverty to the people. For unless the Sea of Azov froze firmly over, the fishing, the main occupation of the people, sustained an interruption. But directly the sea froze over, then the people came out of their houses, their huts, and their tents, and, making large holes in the ice at frequent intervals, slipped the end of the net in first, and, by the help of a pole and much objurgation, passed the huge net along under the ice, and thus made a wide cast. The ice formed standing-ground for any number of fishermen, and the cold season passed happily enough. With less cold, however, there would be insufficient ice for this artful operation, and yet too much for the safe use of boats.

The Sea of Azov not only helped to determine the work of the people, but it also imposed the strictest limits on the periods when such work might be done. It would be difficult to find a more striking example of the limitations which nature puts on man. For Taganrog, at this time, was a busy, bustling port for some six months in the year. After the ice broke up in March—and navigation was declared safe by the sending of a single little sloop from Taganrog to Kertch and from Kertch to Taganrog—a strong south-west wind set in with the month of April. This amassed the water in the eastern end of the Sea of Azov, and by midsummer made it possible for ships to lie quite near to the shore which, before this, and after, were obliged to anchor as far as ten miles away. At midsummer, then, the sea off Taganrog would be crowded with a fleet of vessels of all sizes—sometimes as many as six or seven hundred would be at anchor. But the high water of midsummer soon began to decrease, and in autumn the deepest part of the whole sea scarcely

exceeded some fourteen feet, while the bay between Taganrog and Azov itself formed one continuous shoal hardly seven feet in depth. So rapidly did this shrinkage proceed, that many ships had not time to complete loading, and would often sail away with but half a cargo. When Heber was at Taganrog, Greeks, Italians, Austrians, Ragusans, and some French were the chief traders, and of these about a third of the Greeks sailed under the Russian flag, while the French were actually using the English flag to cover their nationality!

In the later stages of his journey to Taganrog, but more particularly in the journey thence to Tcherkask, and from that place along the eastern shores of the Sea of Azov, Heber saw a good deal of the Cossacks and their mode of living; and as they had only recently been brought under the rule of the Czar, he has noted certain characteristics which by this time have passed away. His sojourn among the Cossacks —though prolonged neither in time nor extended over their Asiatic territories—is of considerable interest to the student of human nature, and the gist of his record of that sojourn may well be preserved.

The Don Cossacks—as those who inhabited the lower basin of the Don are still called—lived in villages which either stretch along the banks of the river itself or creep close down to one of the many swamps and marshes which characterise the country through which the Lower Don winds. As regularly as spring came round so did this low-lying country become annually flooded. Swamp united to swamp, and morass trickled into morass. The very villages were invaded by the shallow flood—hence their being so often raised on piles above the ground. As spring advanced and the waters subsided, the whole country appeared like the bed of a mere but recently drained. The mud was still moist, and the greenness of the reeds and spongy masses of vegetation heightened the effect. Then the rays of the sun, as the earth canted more and more to him, grew hotter and hotter, and drew out from



COSSACKS AND THEIR PILE HOUSES.

(*From a drawing by Edward Clarke.*)

this marshy plain the vapours that brought agues and fevers as their unwelcome gift. Annually, in consequence, there was a sick season among the Cossacks.

But it must not be forgotten that man, like all other creatures, manages to adapt himself to his surroundings in a way which would be remarkable were it not natural. Here was a treeless district—a region where wood was almost as rare as silver. So although the Cossack built him houses of wood he used that wood but sparingly, and was lavish with mud and reeds, and not inadequate were they for his simple wants; and of reeds he made fuel for warmth and cooking. Sometimes, indeed, a house would be altogether made of reeds, sticks being only used to make a roof. They would be fastened at the top of the reed wall, and then bent toward a birch hoop in the centre. This hoop, in fine weather, served as chimney and ventilator, but in wet or cold weather a hood of felt was drawn over. A mat of felt was also hung over the opening, and served as a door. On piles he reared his houses, so as to be above the silent visitor of the spring, and from house to house he spanned a light gangway. Have we not over and over again seen pictures of houses almost, if not absolutely, identical with these, but ascribed, in one case, to the ancient Lake Dwellers of Europe, and in the other to those Malayan tribes of our own time who are in about the same state of civilisation as the Lake Dwellers once were? Heber said rightly that "no one but a race of fishermen or pirates would have chosen so unwholesome a spot." Precisely: and both the Cossacks and the Dyaks were fishermen and pirates. To the latter class, however, the Cossacks have ceased to belong.

The dress of the Don Cossacks was modelled on that of ancient Muscovy. The long coats were of various colours, but on gala occasions blue and scarlet were the favourite. Emblazoned with silver lace, and spangled with a profusion of silver ornaments, the men made a brave show on occasion. And not behind in

this, if behind at all, were the Cossack women. The outdoor costume of a well-dressed woman would be a richly-coloured silk tunic, girt in by a belt of solid silver; loose silk trousers, and boots of yellow leather. On the head they would wear a beautiful silk handkerchief of Indian or Persian workmanship, and both on this and on their tunics it was usual to hang or embroider strings of pearls. At a festive indoor gathering the trousers were of some light colour—yellow or pink, or pink and silver; a long open gown was put on over this, perhaps of the palest green; and the silver girdle might be hidden by the mass of pearls set upon it. The plaited hair hung down the back, and the Indian silk handkerchief appeared as a simple snood. Handsome, though of Tartan type, and tall—taller than the Russians—the Cossacks of the Don country were fully able to show their striking dress to advantage.

Chiefly pastoral in their habits, the wealthier members of the race used to cultivate vineyards of some size, and thought and drank more of the wine they produced than the wine deserved or was good for them. Of spirits they were very fond, and one of their chiefs, Heber tells us, actually drank brandy and salt—a jaded palate indeed!

Briefly, there were at this time five distinct hordes—if one may say so—of Cossacks. There were the Cossacks of the Dneiper; the Don Cossacks; a third group in Poland which, of an ancient Nogay race and professing Mohammedanism, still retained the Tartar habit of eating raw flesh; then, in Siberia the Cossacks of the Ural; and the Zaperogians—the Cossacks of the Kuban. Although Heber was told that they got the name "Cossack" from the scythe-like shape of their swords ("coss" = any crooked weapon), it is much more probable that the name, which should perhaps be written "Kazak," means a "robber." This came to have in time a meaning not unlike the Scotch "land-louper;" and it might be fairly applied to the whole race.

And mixed, indeed, that race was. Russians of Great Russia, Russians of Malo-Russia, Tartars, Poles, Circassians, Turks—all had a hand in the making or the blending of this adventurous people. Edward Clarke, before Heber, remarked the great mixture not only of the true Cossacks, but also of the general population of this modern Scythia. But whether you are impressed by the appearance of the Armenian or the Greek, there are only three types which really dominate the crowds that gather together in the streets of Tcherkask or Taganrog. These three types are Cossack, Kalmuk, and Nogay. The Cossack is not unlike an European—darker in skin than the Teuton, but more florid than the Latin races; brown of eye, small and somewhat tip-tilted of nose, black (but sometimes auburn) of hair, which is curly. Well made are they, and active, strong, and tireless. Magnificent horsemen, skilful boatmen, and zealous fishermen, they have lived, as far back as we can trace them, in their reeded huts. On the other hand, the Kalmuks are a wandering people dwelling in tents, not a little remarkable. These nomads are copper-coloured, with now and again a faint glow of health on the cheeks. The nose is broad and the point depressed; the long, narrow eyes preserve that angle to the nose which characterises the Mongols; the hair is lank and coarse. Splendid riders, they show to much less advantage on foot than the Cossacks. When they break camp, they fold their tents up and pack them on horseback or camelback, having no wheeled vehicles. In this they differ from the Nogays, who actually live and sleep in tents mounted on a wooden platform and wheels, and drawn by buffalo, horse, or camel. The Nogays have long since fallen from their proud estate of being the most important race of the wild southern country between the Danube and the Caspian, but they still retain an individuality, and can be readily distinguished in a crowd of Kalmuks or Cossacks by their broad faces, small eyes, high-bridged noses, and curly beards.

The country of the Don Cossacks—and this may be said to apply roughly to that of the other tribes—was divided up into *stanitzas*, or, we may say, *cantons*. In a stanitza there are now many villages, where formerly, perhaps, there was but one. To each stanitza there were allotted by the Russian Government certain lands and fisheries, and an allowance of corn according to the population. Over each stanitza the hetman (German, hauptmann ?), or attaman, as the Russians say, presided ; and he, with the assistance of a sort of popularly-elected county council, allotted the lands and fisheries to the individual members of the community. Over the attamans was the Chancery of the Order, situated at the capital, Tcherkask ; but interference seldom took place. The attaman was the chief military as well as civil authority; for he led his Cossacks to battle as naturally and unquestioned as he had divided up their lands. He was regarded as almost of kingly rank ; when he wrote to the Czar of Russia he wrote as to an equal. All this, of course, is now a thing of the past.

In return for lands, fisheries, and the corn allowance, the Cossack was liable to give three years' military service in any part of the world ; during which time he provided himself with his horse, arms, and clothing, while the Government gave food and pay. At the end of the three years he was required to assist to keep the cordon, then rigorously maintained along the Caucasus frontier, and generally fulfil the duties of police. After twenty years' service this was reduced to simple police work at home, and five years later the Cossack had earned total immunity from service. The return he had to make for his privileges—among which was to be counted freedom from taxation—was considered as comparatively slight, and, contrasted with the lot of the Russian serf, his was enviable indeed. The Cossacks, in fact, looked down upon the Russians ; and when Heber and Thornton first entered Tcherkask, they were greeted by Cossack children as "Moscofsky canaille"! ("Canaille," be it noted, had become natu-

ralised in Russia.) So free a life was led by these peasant cavalry that "as free as a Cossack" was a common Russian saying.

The majority of the Cossacks were, and still are, of the Greek religion. They belonged to the straitest sect of that faith—a survival of the great reformation introduced by Nicon the Patriarch in the reign of Alexis. It was Nicon who brought from the famous monastery on Mount Athos the purest Greek versions of the Scriptures obtainable, and not only had them translated into Russian, but caused them to be used instead of the old service-books, which had been hopelessly mutilated by a long course of ignorant copying. But mixed with the tenets of the Greek Church, the Cossacks retained many traces of Tartar paganism. Easter, however, they celebrated with all the fervour of true Russians, and Heber has left us a long account of their ceremonies, a passage from which will serve to show its interest.

On Easter Eve "all the churches were illuminated, and all were crowded, particularly the Cathedral; the congregations were dressed in their best clothes, and held lighted tapers in their hands. The effect produced was very solemn and magnificent. The priests and choir alternately continued singing plaintive, solemn hymns; we observed that the same hymns occurred repeatedly. The priests stood in ranks on each side the steps of the altar, all in their most magnificent habits; and the choir was placed in a very high gallery at the west end. The congregations were attentive, and showed wonderful patience. Many, I think, remained there the whole night, without any rest or change of attitude, except from standing to prostration. The priests made several processions round the church, carrying the great cross, the Bible, etc., and occasionally incensed the people, and received their offerings in a silver plate. I did not observe that any large sums were given, and we understood that their principal harvest at this season was made by going from

house to house, when the people gave very bountifully.

"At the moment of daybreak a cannon was fired, at which signal all the bells in the town rang and the choir burst into a loud hymn, 'Christos voskress!' (Christ is risen.) To which the chorus of priests below answered, 'Yes, He is indeed risen!' They then embraced each other, and kissed a cross, which they presented first to the attaman and then to such of the congregation as were fortunate enough to get near it. After this the service began for Easter Day: the sacrament was administered, and a sermon preached. The old attaman, who had come into the town on purpose, and had remained in church with his officers the whole of the night, stood in the aisle like all the rest, but distinguished by his red riband and the badge of his authority, a long ebony staff with a round silver head, something like a melon. After the sermon the priests distributed small cakes of consecrated bread; and the people presented eggs to each other, accompanied by the address, 'Christ is risen,' which was always answered by an embrace and the answer, 'Yes, He is indeed.' This is the only salutation allowed during the weeks immediately succeeding Easter, and all are in this respect on an equality. The Empress herself durst not refuse the kiss of a slave, when accompanied with a hard egg and this exclamation. The eggs are generally prepared some days before, and are curiously painted and gilt. To foreigners the Russians in the southern part of the empire say always χριστος ανεστη (Christ is risen)—as the Greeks are the foreigners of whom they see the most. The rest of the day was spent in amusement and feasting. We all went to the attaman's house, where we found an immense Easter cake, a cold ham, and several other good things, with plenty of brandy and Donskoy wine on a large table; this was about nine in the morning. The church choristers attended and sang the Easter hymn; till this was finished, and grace had been said

by the bishop, nobody touched the victuals. Afterwards they fell to with a famous appetite, as might be expected in men who had not tasted meat for forty days. The band were in a very handsome scarlet uniform. Several officers, from seven or eight regiments which happened to be on their return that day from Poland, came in with the rest of the guests, and among them was Platof's son. His father received him with great dignity, not as a father, but as a commander-in-chief, till, after a few minutes' conversation, he called him to an inner room, where, the door remaining half open, I saw him embrace him with great tenderness. About noon the attaman returned to his house in a handsome ten-oared barge. These barges are the principal articles of luxury in which Cossack chiefs indulge; their rowers are all splendidly dressed, and their prows profusely carved and gilded. . . . We walked about almost the whole evening, but, notwithstanding all the stories we had heard of Cossack brutality, we saw nothing of the kind. . . . All the stories of the impossibility of travelling in Russia during a feast time are greatly exaggerated, and are probably chiefly drawn from the excessive profligacy of a Petersburg mob. I do not think that the people in the other parts of Russia are more given to intoxication than the English."

And, writing to his brother, he says that during the Easter festivities "there was certainly far less drunkenness and rioting than on an English holiday."

Of these modern Scythians many familiar tales are told. Room for such tales we have not, but it will be expected, perhaps, that any account of the Cossacks, however short, should include a word or two about that famous drink, koumiss. The Frenchman Rubruquis has told us that it is "sharp on the tongue, like raspberry wine," but other opinions have been published which convey different impressions. It is made of fermented mares' milk, kept in a skin, and generally hung at the door of the hut or tent. It is the great drink of summer, but really not more popular than the

mixture of rice and honey which is the favourite winter beverage.

After a stay in Tcherkask, Heber and Thornton crossed over to Azov, and made their way thence through the country of the Kuban to Kertch. On their journey through this wild country they came in contact with the Circassians, who were "out" at that time; but beyond having a number of false alarms and their Cossack guard increased in number at different stations, nothing out of the ordinary happened. The way was chiefly marsh and bog, but this unpleasantness was balanced by the abundance of excellent sport with deer, hares, pheasants, and ducks which they were able to enjoy.

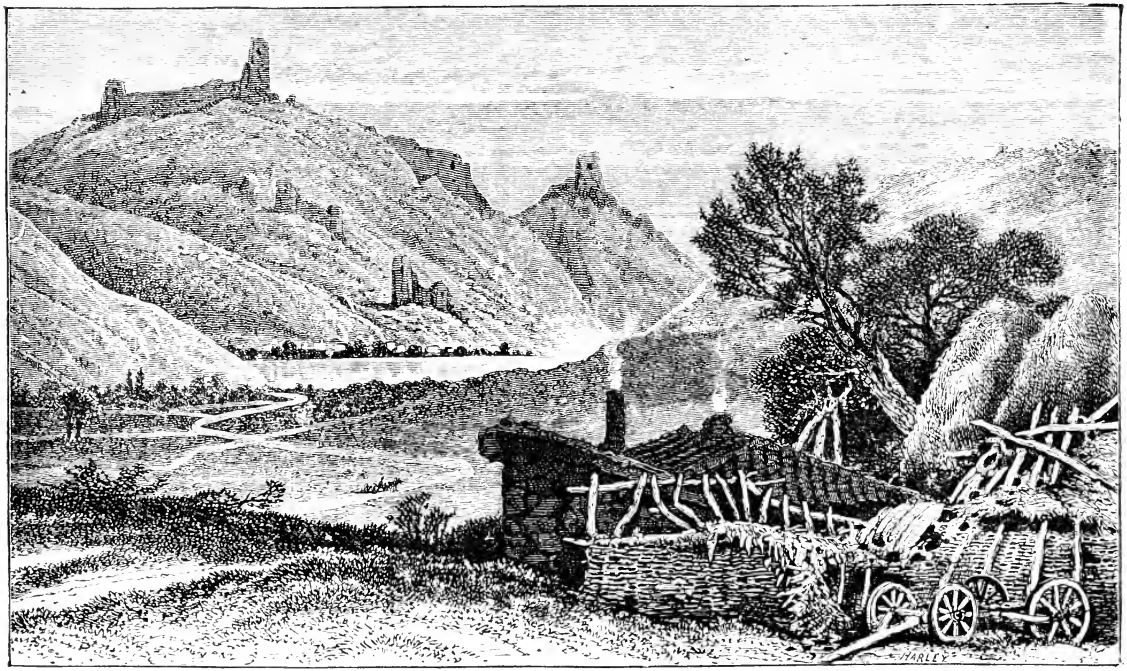
Of Kertch Heber could find no good word to say, except in favour of its antiquities. The town was small and wretched, and the manners of the people contrasted ill with those of the Cossacks. Heber mentions in his journal that at Kertch a Russian major "who agreed to furnish us with horses and an open kibitka to Kaffa, insisted on such usurious terms that the other officers cried out, 'Shame';" and that the same man afterwards squeezed some further presents out of Thornton's servants. "A Cossack," he adds, "would have disdained such conduct."

Leaving Kertch and passing over the swampy plains —then densely settled by the bustard, the crane, and the stork—of the eastern peninsula of the Crimea, they arrived at Kaffa, and again were much impressed by the dismal condition of the town. But Kaffa had a more picturesque position and architectural qualifications. Although the town was nearly a complete ruin at the time, it rose from the water's edge and climbed the hill behind with an effective display. The fortifications, once magnificent, were still impressive; some beautiful Mohammedan baths still showed signs of past magnificence, though converted into warehouses; mosques there were in plenty—only one, however, not a ruin. Travelling thence along the southern shore,

overshadowed on the north by a long range of hills, they came to Sudak, where they spent a day with Pallas, the famous artist and antiquary. Here the Greek element was very dominant, and the chief industry lay in the vineyard. Beyond Sudak the people ceased to bear the appearance or have the customs of peoples of the plain. They became mountaineers, largely Greek and Turkish; while here and there was a village of Armenians. The roofs of the houses became flat, and porticoes surround the walls. One above the other, in an irregular order, like the burrows in a rabbit warren, the houses were built along the flanks of the hills; vineyards above and fruit orchards below, the country was a pleasant change from the swamp and morass of the Cossack country.

Passing the rocky cape of Lambat, the converging point of perhaps the finest scenery in the Crimea, it is interesting to note that these young patriots visited Balaclava and Inkerman. Heber writes of the latter place—fifty years before the time when the greycoats and redcoats were to mingle in carnage—that "there are some formidable batteries, and the mouth of the harbour is very easy of defence." A brief stay was made in Batchiserai, then the largest town in the Crimea, and peopled by Turks, Jews, and Armenians almost exclusively, and then, regaining the mainland, they journeyed on to Perekof. From here we cannot follow them step by step on their way through Little Russia, Poland, Hungary, Austria, Germany, and Prussia, and finally to Hamburg, where they took ship for Yarmouth; but a visit to the tomb of that great philanthropist, John Howard, so soon after his death, and Heber's impressions of the great battle-field of Austerlitz, only a few months following the greatest battle up to that time fought in Europe, may well conclude this chapter, and the narrative of a journey of quite exceptional interest.

Heber visited the tomb of Howard and sketched it. He tells us that it is in the desert, about a mile from Cherson. It was built by Admiral Mordvinof, and is



BALACLAVA.

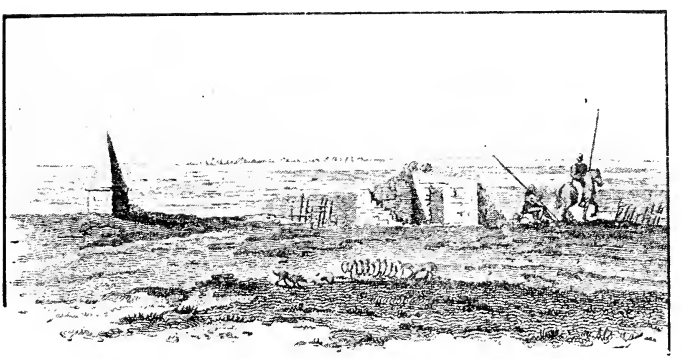
"a small brick pyramid, whitewashed, but without any inscription. He himself fixed on the spot of his interment. He had built a small hut on this part of the steppe, where he passed much of his time, as being the most healthy spot in the neighbourhood. The English Burial Service was read over him by Admiral Priestman, from whom I had these particulars. . . . Howard was spoken of with exceeding respect and affection by all who remembered or knew him; and they were many."

Edward Clarke, whose travels in Russia a few years before Heber have enriched our literature concerning that country with a most entertaining work, gives us a most graphic account of the last hours of Howard, the details of which he took down from Admiral Priestman. This officer, like many other Englishmen, was in the Russian service, and was thus enabled to befriend Howard at the end. It had been Howard's practice to visit the Admiral at a fixed time every day, laying his watch on the table as he entered to enable him to spend the exact time—one hour—he allotted to the visit. One day, finding that Howard did not come, the Admiral went out to see him. Howard had been struck down by fever, and was sick unto death. After a little conversation he said to Priestman,—

"There is a spot near the village of Dauphigny which would suit me nicely; you know it well, for I have often said I should like to be buried there; and let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral; nor any monument, or monumental inscription whatsoever, to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten."

Priestman went straight forth and obtained permission to use the piece of ground as a burial-place. He then returned to Howard and told him. This seemed to make the dying man satisfied. Just at this moment a letter arrived from England, giving him good news of his son. On hearing it read, Howard said to Priestman, "Is not this comfort for a dying father?"

He then made the Admiral promise to read the English Burial Service over him—he greatly disliked the ceremonies of the Greek Church. Priestman promised, and Howard never spoke again. A little later, Admiral Mordvinof (then in command of the Russian fleet in the Black Sea) came in to see him. Howard recognised him, and then, in the presence of these good friends, quietly, and without apparent pain, drew his last breath. His portrait had never, I think, been taken; but Mordvinof had a mould taken of the great philanthropist's features, and Clarke saw a cast of this mould when at Cherson.



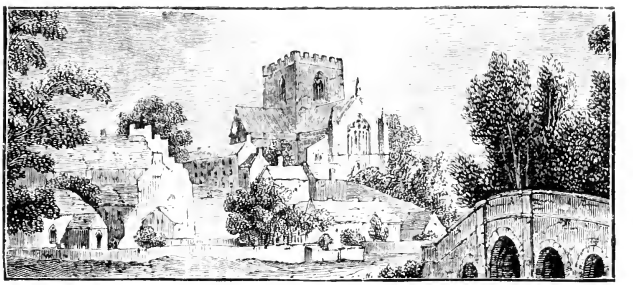
TOMB OF JOHN HOWARD.
(*From a drawing by Reginald Heber.*)

The sun-dial was not placed above him, but a monument of some pretensions but unusual ugliness. Stone posts, connected by chains, were placed round for protection, but when Heber made his sketch these had entirely disappeared.

On leaving Vienna, Heber and Thornton travelled to Brünn, and from there they visited the field of Austerlitz. Heber tells us that they "passed a whole day in tracing out and drawing plans of the battle. . . . Except a few skeletons of horses, and a few trees which have been shivered by bullets, all wears its

ancient appearance. . . . We drew much information from a sensible farmer in the village of Scholmitz. All the stories we had heard in Russia were very false; and the Austrians' account of the behaviour of the Russian troops equally so. The loss of the battle is entirely attributable to the scandalous want of information of the Austrians, and to the extended line on which Kotusof made the attack. The French had behaved very well till their victory, but after it they committed great excesses among the villages; the Russians were popular among the common people, which at once proved the falsehood of the scandals circulated against them at Vienna. At last, however, they too were driven to plunder; but it was by absolute famine, owing to the miserable weakness of the Austrian Government, and the bad conduct of their agents. The Russians understood the Moravian language, being only a dialect of the Slavonian; and this circumstance endeared them a good deal to the people. The loss of the French on this memorable day was much greater than they have been willing to allow. My informant had passed the morning after the battle from Scholmitz by Pratzen to Austerlitz. On the hill of Pratzen, he said, 'I could not set my foot to the ground for blue uniforms.' I drew there a few plans of the ground, and at last succeeded in making a very exact one. While I was thus employed, I was taken for a French spy, and accosted by some farmers, who asked, with many apologies, for my passport. I told them I had none, and a very curious village council of war was held, which was terminated by the arrival of Thornton and the guide we had taken from Brünn."

At Hamburg Heber and Thornton met Lord Morpeth, and he gave them the use of his cutter. In this they sailed to Yarmouth, landing on October 14th, 1806, the very day on which the battle of Jena was fought between the Prussians and the French, a battle which placed Prussia at the feet of Bonaparte, and resulted, a few months later, in the Peace of Tilsit.



CHAPTER IV.

THE COUNTRY PARSON.

HEBER had written to his brother from Lemberg, "I shall certainly see you before the All Souls' election." As a Fellow of that society he was keenly interested in the matter; but on his return he found the country on the very eve of a general election, and, as his brother was a candidate for the University seat, he made up his mind to stay a day at Oxford on his way home. By a curious coincidence, John Thornton's father and uncle were both candidates for other seats, and the young travellers flung themselves into the struggle with all the zest of Englishmen whose foreign experiences have heightened their patriotism. Richard Heber was beaten by Abbott, and Thornton's father also suffered defeat; but we find Reginald writing: "My brother's minority is the most numerous ever known on a similar occasion; and as the whole weight of government went against him, it was scarcely to be expected that a mere country gentleman, with no interest but his personal character, could have produced such serious numbers, of which not a single vote could be attributed to unworthy or unfit motives." A question arose as to the eligibility of the successful candidate, but Richard Heber refused to re-open the matter.

Naturally the welcome home to Hodnet was very

warm. Heber had not forgotten his volunteers, and in the first letter that he wrote to his late companion he says that he found "my volunteers complete in number, and in high spirits." We also learn that the farmers of the district gave a public feast in honour of the volunteers, to celebrate their captain's safe return. "I am just going to put on my old red jacket," wrote Heber, "and join them. How I do love these good people!"

He now returned to Oxford, and went into residence at All Souls. Having by this time fully determined to take Orders, he was reading hard. Fortunately the atmosphere of All Souls was in no sense unfavourable, or it is quite probable that a fit of "traveller's unrest" might have supervened. "The very air of the place breathes study. While I write I am enjoying the luxuries of a bright coal fire, a green desk, and a tea-kettle bubbling. What should we have thought of such a situation at Tcherkask or at Taganrog?" Experience had evidently had the effect of heightening the contrast, and led Heber to appreciate more fully the comforts of England. Yet there are many men who would have preferred the swamps of the Kuban to the ancient turf of an Oxford quadrangle.

Bishop Cleaver, who was still Principal of Brazenose, continued to take great interest in his old pupil, and we find that he gave him much advice about his course of reading. But there were evidently intermissions in the study. Here is a characteristic little note: "Though *Guibert sur la grande tactique* unfortunately seduced me a little as he lay very temptingly on my study table, I have done with him; tactics are now, indeed, enough to make a man sick. What are our wise Ministers about, sending Lord Hutchison, at this time of day, to the Continent?" He had already said that he had thought of the "fatal 14th of October"—the day on which Jena was fought and Napoleon became master of Prussia—until he was "half crazy"!

We find him now in the midst of friends and acquaintances. To one—R. W. Hay, afterwards Under

Secretary of State for the Colonies—he gives most detailed routes for a journey through Eastern Europe ; for another—Sir James Riddell—he translates into English verse some German poems. Sir Thomas Acland and Sir Robert Inglis—both members of Christ Church—are very dear friends ; and the festivities of a ball at a country inn, which effectually kept him from sleeping all night, occasion a humorous set of Greek verses (in Homeric metre) to Lord Ebrington, then at Brazenose. Another friend writes of him in these Oxford days in the following way :—

"At a time when, with the enthusiasm of the place, I had rather caught by heart than learnt 'Palestine,' and when it was a privilege to any one of any age to know Reginald Heber, I had the delight of forming his acquaintance. I cannot forget the feeling of admiration with which I approached his presence, or the surprise with which I contrasted my abstract image of him with his own simple, social, every-day manner. He talked and laughed like those around him, and entered into the pleasures of the day with them, and with their relish ; but when any higher subject was introduced (and he was never slow in contriving to introduce literature at least, and to draw from his exhaustless memory riches of every kind) his manner became his own. He never looked up at his hearers (one of the few things, by-the-bye, which I could have wished altered in him in after life, for he retained the habit) ; with his eyes downcast and fixed, he poured forth in a measured intonation, which from him became fashionable, stores of every age : the old romances ; Spenser ; some of our early prose writers ; of Scott's published works ; or verses of his own. I speak not of one day only, but of my general recollection of his habits, as after that day witnessed often. One moonlight night (I do not recollect the year) we were walking together, talking of the old *fabliaux* and romances with which his memory was full ; and we continued our walk till long past midnight. He said that it was a very easy style, and he could imitate

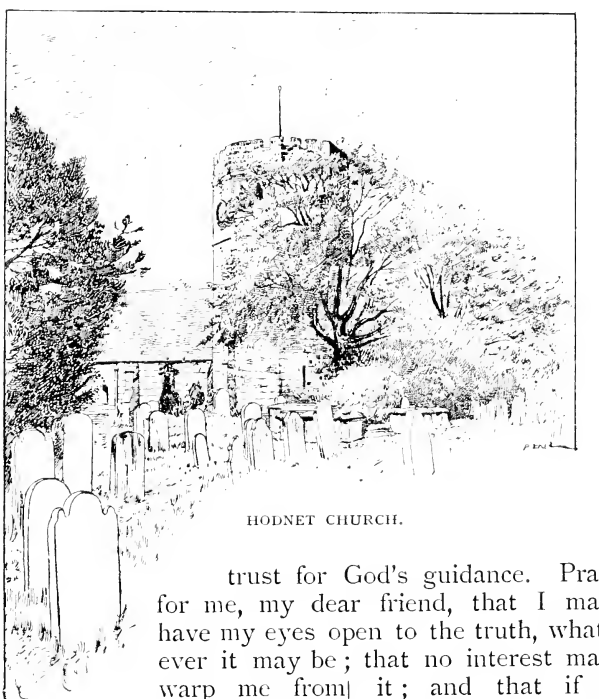
it without an effort, and as he went along he recited, composing as he recited, the happiest imitations of the George-Ellis specimens which I ever saw."

Heber had the knack which belongs to only clever men—that of writing excellent nonsense. He used to contribute *jeux d'esprit* to the *Gentleman's Magazine* even at this time, and write many smart epigrams for his friends. Nevertheless, he read hard, and was at this period, as well as in his undergraduate days, a close student. The subject, too, to which he gave the largest share of his attention—theology—was calculated, of course, to make his literary work more and more of grave complexion.

Heber was ordained deacon in 1807, and was instituted by his brother Richard to the family living of Hodnet. This, however, did not create an immediate break in his life, for he returned to Oxford to continue reading for Orders, and to proceed to M.A. in the usual course.

The doubts and difficulties which for a while beset nearly all students of theology—certainly all who have trained and logical minds, and conscientious thoroughness of thought—did not pass by the future bishop. Writing to Thornton, on hearing of his engagement, he gives us an insight into his work at that time. "The Greek Testament always occupies my mornings. But I have received my Crimea sketches from home, and my other studies—Locke, Cudworth, etc.—have a little given way to my Indian ink. In about a fortnight I hope to be able to send you a fresh series of drawings. I am glad almost to have this break in my studies, as I was beginning to perplex myself with several useless doubts, which had once almost frightened me from taking priest's orders. The more I read of the Scriptures, the more I am convinced that John Calvin, and his master St. Augustine, were miserable theologians; but I hope I am not deceiving myself in the idea that I may still conscientiously subscribe to the Articles, which may well, *I think*, admit an Arminian inter-

pretation. Episcopius thought so even of the rules of doctrine in Holland. I hope I am not wrong. I had no doubts of this sort when I took deacon's orders; but I have since met with a little work, by a man whom they call here an 'evangelical preacher' (allow me still to dislike this use of the word), who has deduced from our liturgy doctrines enough to frighten one. I hope and



HODNET CHURCH.

trust for God's guidance. Pray for me, my dear friend, that I may have my eyes open to the truth, whatever it may be; that no interest may warp me from it; and that if it pleases God that I persevere in His ministry, I may undertake the charge with a quiet mind and good conscience. This is now my purpose; may it be profitable to me and to many."

In August 1807 we hear of him first as a pastor. It was, in one sense, no new sphere. Among the

people of Hodnet he had grown up: he knew them all —old and young. He had always had a strong affection for them, and they for him. He had entered into their simple joys, and when danger threatened the country he had been the first to share with them in the duty of actively fitting themselves to resist the invasion. It was not unnatural, therefore, though unusual enough in the common experience, that on his going to Hodnet as Rector the people should have welcomed him by bidding him and his volunteers to a feast! Those were the days of "moving discourses"—which Swift has so caustically satirised—and it was the correct thing for the congregation to fall a-weeping when, at regular intervals, the preacher delivered himself of a stirring passage. Now Heber's sermons cannot be accused of being mere mechanical pieces of eloquence, or, in the objectionable sense, highly sentimental; but we may be quite sure that it was solely due to their pride and affection in the young parson, whom they had known from a baby, that the old people of Hodnet began to weep before he had uttered a word of his first sermon. Their admiration for the brilliant young scholar knew no bounds, and Heber himself said that it was really appalling to have such expectations formed of him.

With steady directness of purpose, however, he set himself to the daily work that formed his duty—that trivial round, that common task, which Keble has told us, in melodious and familiar metre, will furnish all we need to ask—

> "Room to deny ourselves—a road
> To lead us daily nearer God."

To the conscientious parson the effect of his ministrations upon his flock is ever a source of anxiety and a cause for misgivings. It is not in the least surprising that Heber, with all his devotion, should have found in this an almost permanent distress. He tells us that he believes the people like his way with them and the sermons he preaches to them, that his congregations

are good, and the number of his communicants steadily increases. Yet he says, in spite of this, "I do not think any great amendment takes place in my hearers." There seems to have been despondency in not perceiving an actual visible harvest spring from the spiritual seed, a natural desire to measure results from which few teachers can refrain. Since disappointment seems almost certain to follow hope, so despondency is the inevitable disaster that awaits the sanguine mind. Although it is sufficient that a man should go forth to his work and his labour until the evening, and leave to the gentle dew of heaven in the night time the slow perfection of his toil, it is only human to press for some sign of the fruit. Though haply the due season be not yet, though the bud will burst into flower and the flower into fruit when the spade and the hoe have long been laid by, it is not, I repeat, in the least surprising that the sowers of the spiritual seed should have yearned, a thousand times over in the history even of the Church, for the sight of the fruit of their labours, and been cast down because it has been denied. Every class has the defects of its virtues; this perhaps is the defect most pertaining to the men who work for the moral advantage of others.

But with Heber there was a deal of practical common sense mixed up with finer (not necessarily higher) methods. His mode of tackling the Sunday question may be taken as a sample. In the first place he induced the shopkeepers, with the assistance of a farmer who was one of the churchwardens, to close their shops on that day. In the next he got all the innkeepers to sign a self-denying ordinance, by which they one and all agreed to close their houses on Sunday, and in the event of their failing to do so, or at any rate to allow drinking in them, to pay a sum of five guineas. The elder people and those of better station were not so difficult to prevail with, but—as many a country parson has found—the younger members of his flock, and especially the young labourers, made of themselves very

sharp thorns. Heber lamented that his retirement from the captaincy of the volunteers had cost him some influence; but it is rather difficult to see how he could well have retained it. At any rate, the retention might have been a cause of offence and stumbling to many whose simple minds, like those of children, exact our reverence.

Not that Heber was willing to travel only in the well-worn rut. His "psalm-singing" was very bad, and he writes to ask a friend if he can tell him "where Cowper's Olney Hymns, with the music, and, in a smaller size, without the music, to put in the seats," can be bought. For some of them he confesses a liking, and adds: "Any novelty is likely to become a favourite, and draw more people to join in the singing." Here we have that "felt want" which was to make Heber a writer of hymns.

Earnest, yet for his time not narrow in his views of the pastoral office, it is pleasant to remember that the intolerance of the age towards dissent found no great champion in the Hodnet rector. Nothing would have been more natural had he shown such intolerance. The son of the squire, and the descendant of a family with no social connections with dissent; a Tory and a Churchman by lineage as well as by persuasion; an Oxford scholar, accustomed to the intellectual aristocracy of which he himself was so conspicuous a member,—these influences, each strong and, by cumulative force, of almost irresistible pressure when combined, might well have made him as bitter a partisan as the narrowest sectarian of them all. Naturally, of course, he prefers the communion in which he was born, and the privileges of which he inherited; but there is withal a sympathy with the sheep of the other fold which at the beginning of this century was rare enough.

He writes to a friend that "the Methodists are neither very numerous nor very active; they have no regular meetings, but assemble from great distances to meet a favourite preacher." And he adds: "I have

sometimes thought, and it has made me really uncomfortable, that since Rowland Hill's visit to the country my congregation was thinner. But," he adds, by way of self-comfort, "perhaps it was only owing to the bad weather, as my numbers are now a little increasing. The test here of a Churchman is the Sacrament, which the Methodists never attend."

The spring of 1809 brought a great change to Heber's life. For in the April of that year he married Amelia, the youngest daughter of the then Dean of St. Asaph, William Davies Shipley. This lady had inherited her active interest in Church matters from her father and grandfather, who had been Bishop of St. Asaph, and, in addition, threw into her husband's work all the stimulating force of an able character. The marriage led to her husband's leaving Oxford for good —he had given some of his time to All Souls up to this date—and the setting up of house at Hodnet Rectory. So after a honeymoon in Wales they returned to Hodnet.

Heber now gave even greater personal attention to his large parish, the cares of which were eagerly shared by his wife. At first he kept no curate, and it was only when the result of his pastoral work gave birth to many new calls on time and thought that he relinquished the sole care of his people. Courted by the county society, in which by birth and by office he had a double share, he determined to withdraw as much as possible from the social intercourse which threatened to absorb his time, and give his thoughts and presence more and more to his people. He was indeed, as one who was most able to judge has said, "their earthly guide, their pastor and friend." Fortunate in the possession of ample means, his hand was able to respond to his heart; indeed, he was what is now called—for charity organisation has taught us some lessons—an indiscriminate giver; one of his rules, which he never broke, was to "give to all who asked." On the other hand, much of his charity was done in secret. When he had left Hodnet for India—for ever—and only then,

did many of his benevolent acts come to light. Himself possessed of a sensitive nature, he seldom failed to contrive to make his charity appear the privilege of a friend, or the duty of the pastor. Always easy in his exactment of his dues, his private means enabled him to often yield to the temptation of consenting to forego them.

There is a characteristic story of his having given a poor woman three shillings, and on her exclaiming, "The Lord reward you, and give you fourfold!" he wrote, "How unreasonable are the expectations of men! This good woman's wish for me, which sounds so noble, amounts but to twelve shillings; and we, when we give such a pittance, are apt to expect heaven as our reward."

In his correspondence with John Thornton, which he kept up through life, we find many interesting indications of his pastoral work and religious views. On one point he was very insistent—the false assumption of the word "Evangelical" as a party badge. In this he must have the sympathy of all Christians who are sufficiently logical in their faith to perceive the absurdity of applying to a part a name which belongs to the whole. The "corporation spirit" of the so-called evangelical party, then in the ascendant, he particularly deplored, while recognising, I believe, in the fullest degree the value of the intense earnestness of their spiritual teaching. In speaking of extempore prayer he confessed his personal preference for "forms"—"You know my lips are rather those of Moses than Aaron." At Berlin he had bought an edition of Luther's works, and he acknowledges the pleasure he had had in reading them, and the hints for sermons which they had afforded. On the other hand, he says that Luther is "in some places inconceivably coarse, and generally displays great want of reading"; but he adds, by way of counterbalance, that "his strong mind makes ample amends. He is a sort of religious Cobbett; but with similar vulgarity of sentiment he has more eloquence."

In 1812 the pulling down of the old rectory house at Hodnet to make room for a larger one led to his living at Moreton for the next two years. This did not, however, occasion a break in his pastoral work, for Moreton was a perpetual curacy in the large parish of Hodnet. But it was at this period that he suffered a good deal of ill-health arising out of a skin disease, which he had contracted from exposure when travelling in the Crimea. A long course of medicine and, finally, warm sea-bathing, enabled him after some two or three years to throw off this affection; but although from time to time he was absent from his parish, we shall see later that his literary work was in no degree interrupted. Indeed, he was always the first to make a jest of his own inconveniences, and he writes to R. J. Wilmot in this humorous strain: "If you ever fell in with Costigan's 'Travels in Portugal,' you need not be informed of the high military station held by St. Anthony, who was in those days colonel of the First Regiment of Guards, and held the rank of Field Marshal of the forces. Just such a military St. Anthony has kept up the hottest fire ever witnessed on this side the Douro on my right wing; and though, in the first instance, repelled by copious lotions of goulard and water has repeated his attack a second time, and is now a second time defeated." It is interesting to note that his medical man was Dr. Darwin, the father of the great naturalist.

In October he hears of the French entry into Moscow, and he writes to Thornton, his fellow-traveller in Russia, recalling the old days: "Which of us could have believed, when we witnessed the wolf-hunt on those wide frozen waters, that the cuirassiers of France would ever let their horses drink there? For the fate of Moscow I confess I feel very keenly; I cannot without sorrow fancy to myself any one of those wooden houses where we were so hospitably received a prey to flames and military plunder, and I can even pity Latombelle's hotel, and the vile hovel of Mon. Makarof.

I wonder whether Rouffe was one of the three thousand ruffians let loose from the prisons, or whether young V—— wore my stolen sword-belt in the first ranks at Borodino?"

In July 1813 Heber was offered a prebendary of Durham, but as this would involve his exchange of Hodnet, he declined. The living of Hodnet was a valuable one, and as the patronage was in the hands of his brother he thought (and fairly, too, as he had himself been presented to it) that the vested interest of his brother hardly permitted his making the rectory a commercial medium for his own advancement. But he writes to his friend Wilmot that "it is whimsical that, when we were last talking about my ambitious views, I mentioned to you my liking for a prebendary of the sort which has now been thrown in my way."

His health necessitated a visit to Tunbridge Wells in the summer of 1813, and here he met Madame de Staël. He sends to his faithful friend Thornton one of her good things—on the style of London parties—"Une société aux coups de poing;" and after describing her views on the slave trade and other matters, he says that she differs little from other foreign women in appearance and style. "She is not handsome, but, certainly, not ugly for her time of life." He saw her several times, and subsequently wrote the article on her in the *Quarterly Review* of March 1814.

It was in this year, too, that he returned to Hodnet. With his health restored and a new and commodious house in which to live, he renewed his parish work with zeal. There can be no doubt that at times he found his literary work encroaching on the hours demanded by his large parish, and that occasionally he felt—perhaps a little morbidly—that the former was only an amusement and that the latter only was duty. Sometimes, too, he tells us that he finds it difficult to turn from his books. But this was not a symptom of spiritual disease, as Heber and many other right-minded men have occasionally thought. What more natural than

that when a man is intently studying a subject an interruption should bear the aspect of irksomeness, especially if the interruption be the remembrance of other duties? It was, after all, merely a question of alternatives, and it is open to any one to ask which of the two duties is to take precedence, since both cannot be carried out at the same time, and neither be abandoned. And it is even open to us to ask whether one might not be in itself more morally valuable than

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another—whether Heber, in preparing for wide publication a paper on some pressing question of public morality, were not actually doing a more far-reaching act of goodness than when paying a round of pastoral visits. There was not, however, in Heber's case, and there never need be in the case of any clergyman who can add to the voice that speaks in the narrow bounds of his own parish the silent power which the pen exerts throughout the whole country, any neglect of the beautiful and simple office of the village pastor. Had there been, he would have suffered blame—if only on

the ground that one ought to do the work for which one is paid.

But other work from outside the parish began to press on him,—work, too, which he could hardly refuse. This led to his younger brother, the Rev. Thomas Cuthbert Heber, assisting him as curate. Among other activities, he was appointed Bampton Lecturer for 1815, and his subject, "The Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter," was of a peculiarly difficult character, requiring a wide as well as an intimate acquaintance with patristic theology. His interest in this was very deep, and the pains he spent on the preparation was prodigious. At the same time his interest in politics was as keen as ever, and he followed the rapid revolutions taking place in continental matters with close sympathy. Writing to Mr. Wilmot in 1814, and referring to his friend's visit to Paris, he says that for himself he must be "contented with hearing an account of the procession of the allied sovereigns to Notre Dame, and with reading the parallel cases of Sejanus and Rufinus in Juvenal and Claudian. Is not," he asks, "the parallel perfectly extraordinary between the cries of the mob in Juvenal and the first proclamation of the Parisian senate against the man whom they had so lately addressed as the second Charlemagne?"

Though a persistent student all his years, and now possessed of deep knowledge of many out-of-the-way as well as more common subjects, Heber's manner was simplicity itself. With the modesty of the true scholar, who knows how few are the shells he has picked up on the shore of the ocean of knowledge, he never confounded the ordinary person with intellectual display, or dismayed the child by a parade of superiority. There is told a story of a child who had been repeating her lesson to him, and was in no way impressed with her teacher's learning. She told her mother that she *liked* him very much, but, she added, "I do not think he knows much more than I do."

Of Heber's refusal to permit Rowland Hill the use of the pulpit at Weston, one of his outlying chapels-of-ease, a good deal of unnecessary pother has been made. We must remember that the times were very different from those in which we now live. The Universities were still the close corporations of the Church; no Mansfield College would have been possible at a time when every member of the Universities had to assent to the Articles of the English Church. The truer feeling of Christian brotherhood, of community in ultimate aims, and identity in the essentials of faith, was yet to influence the relations of the men who both preached the same message of their one Elder Brother, but in different places and to different assemblies. Heber, indeed, was conspicuous in a period of ecclesiastical intolerance for his readiness to accept and admire the earnestness and piety of many dissenters; but he was by heredity and persuasion a devoted member of the venerable Church of England. He had no objection to Rowland Hill's preaching at Weston, but he refused, through the curate of that chapelry, to permit his doing so again after preaching at a dissenting chapel in the parish of Hodnet.

I say again that in these days of a heightened sense of true catholicity we must beware of hastily passing judgment on him for narrowness. Perhaps, too, it was less a question of dogma than one of courtesy. We cannot dispute established facts, and it is an undeniable fact that at this time Church and Dissent were ranged in acrimonious activity against each other. Mr. Rowland Hill (whose good taste was never conspicuous), after accepting the courtesy of the parson's pulpit, proceeded to cross over the road to that of the parson's opponent. When he desired to recross the road once more, he was met by a firm but polite refusal. And Heber wrote to Hill's brother, pointing out how very distressing the whole subject was, stating his respect for the character and intentions of Rowland Hill, and expressing himself as very sensible of "how much I myself might learn

from his dauntless zeal and unwearied exertions"—an act of courtesy and an expression of modesty which are still more rare than one could wish.

In 1817 he writes with much sympathy of the general distress in the country, and has various suggestions for permanently improving the material condition of the labourers. But he is careful not to go to extremes—indeed Heber was on most occasions pre-eminently "safe"—and deprecates the idea of enclosing commons and attaching them to the workhouse as a sort of farm. He advocates the abolition of the salt tax, and, for intellectual improvement, the extensive circulation in cheap form of really popular and interesting books. Tracts, he said, were not read for amusement, and though useful as a counterblast to such works as Paine's "Age of Reason," were not wanted so much as plenty of good healthy, amusing, and interesting reading, which would stimulate the sluggish appetite of the poor man. It is worth noting—as the names are still so well known to us—that he mentions having had a visit "from Hatchard the bookseller and Mortlock the china-dealer, who were going round the country on a benevolent mission from the Society for relieving the manufacturing poor."

In the same year Reginald Heber was appointed to a canonry in the Cathedral of St. Asaph, and to the journeys which he consequently had to make (on horseback) into Wales we owe many of his poems. He was also the Select Preacher before his University during this year. The *Quarterly Review* took up much of his time, and, in his private reading, Dr. Chalmers' astronomical discourses and sermons appear to have made a great impression. He repeatedly expressed a desire that they could be translated into French for diffusion on the Continent. In the following year he is busy again at Hodnet on all manner of undertakings; and it is now for the first time, I think, that we meet with any distinct activity in missionary matters. It is probable, however, that ever since his travels in Eastern

Europe the missionary interest was there. Curiously enough, but yet not unnaturally, the first note is in the humorous key. There were staying at a neighbouring parson's two New Zealanders, who had been brought over by a missionary society. It appears that one day some roasted rabbits were served, but the unsophisticated New Zealanders took them for cats, and refused to eat them. The younger, not content with the refusal, and with the indiscretion of his age, burst out with the following candid confession : "New Zealander eatee hog, him eatee dog, him eatee rat, him eatee creeper" (biting his arm like a dog to indicate a search for a flea), "him eatee warrior and old woman, but him no eatee PUSS."

Two months later he is writing to Thornton on the importance of bringing about an union between the two Church missionary societies—the C.M.S. and the S.P.G. —and deploring "that hateful spirit of party which at present, unhappily, divides, and will, I fear, continue to divide, the Church." Not content with this, he addresses a long letter to one of the bishops on the subject, pointing out that at a recent meeting of a local missionary society at Shrewsbury he had suggested some scheme for union, and found that members were not hostile to the plan. Nothing came, however, of these attempts to economise the labour of organising funds and workers for a common cause.

It may be mentioned here that in the following year (1819) a Royal Letter was issued, authorising collections to be made in every church and chapel to aid the work of the S.P.G. in India and the East. Heber went to Wrexham to hear his father-in-law, the Dean of St. Asaph, preach, and it was on this occasion that he wrote the well-known hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains." This was first sung in the fine old church at that place.

On Christmas Eve 1818 the Hebers lost their little daughter—their first child—who was only six months old. It was a great and long-felt grief. Mrs. Heber

has left it on record that after this loss her husband's evening prayer usually ended with the petition that he might, at his last hour, be found worthy to rejoin his sinless child.

In December 1819 we find him thanking the Committee of the Travellers' Club for the undoubted honour they paid him in electing him an Honorary Member. Heber was, for at least the ten years following, one of four Englishmen on whom this honour had been conferred. His travels in Europe, the journal he had compiled, the way in which he had maintained his interest and added to his experience year by year, by studying and inquiring, and the articles he had contributed to the *Quarterly Review* and other papers, had all, singly and cumulatively, left their mark, and this was one of the many pleasant ways in which other people recognised those facts.

In 1820 he attended Commemoration at Oxford, and enjoyed the rare privilege of hearing his "Palestine" performed as an oratorio in the same building in which he had recited it seventeen years before. It was during this year, too, that he began to throw the hymns, which he had been gradually collecting from all sources, into something like book shape. He was very anxious to obtain the Archbishop of Canterbury's sanction, as well as that of the Bishop of London (Dr. Howley), for the general use of the volume in churches, and much correspondence ensued on the subject. Milman helped him with many hymns, but the book was finally produced without any special imprimatur. In the early autumn of the next year he was working hard in support of his brother's candidature as Member for the University of Oxford. The contest ended in Richard Heber's success. It may be noted that Reginald was opposed to his brother's policy and that of the University in hostility to any scheme of Catholic emancipation.

In 1822 he himself was a candidate for a different kind of appointment—the Preachership at Lincoln's

Inn; and in April he was fortunate enough to be elected. Writing to Thornton, he explained his motives for seeking this coveted piece of preferment, as arising partly from a consciousness that he could be useful in such a sphere, and partly from a desire to see more of his old friends during the term of residence the appointment imposed.

But he was not to hold this desirable office long. On December 2nd, 1822, Charles W. Williams Wynn, a close personal friend, and at that time President of the Board of Commissioners for Indian Affairs, wrote to him, referring to the recent death of Bishop Middleton of Calcutta, and asking him, in confidence, to allow his name to be recommended for the appointment. Heber replied by wishing for a little time to consider the matter, unless one of the archdeacons or chaplains already in India had been considered eligible, for in that case he would desire to be passed over. Wynn replied that there were none, and Heber forthwith consulted two physicians as to the possible influence of the climate on his child's health—another little girl had been born to them—and on receiving an adverse opinion he declined the appointment. This was on January 2nd, 1823. Exactly five days later, however, he wrote again to Mr. Williams Wynn, and mentioned having heard, through a friend, of a clever doctor long resident in India. He was anxious to consult this man, and he asked that if the appointment had not already been made would his friend keep it open for a few days longer. On the 11th he again wrote, saying that the report of the Indian doctor was not so favourable as to induce him to alter his decision. Yet the very next day he again wrote, and said that if by any chance the opportunity was not closed he would accept it gratefully. Williams Wynn replied that the bishopric was his, and that he would write the next day to the King at Brighton for his approbation. Finally, on the 18th, he writes to Heber: "The King has returned his *entire* approbation of

your appointment to Calcutta, and if I could only divide you, so as to leave one in England and send the other to India, it would also have mine; but the die is now cast, and we must not look at any side but that which stands uppermost."

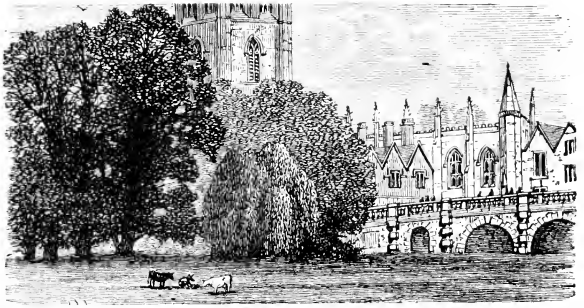
This bare recital of the main points in the offer of the See of Calcutta to Heber, and his ultimate acceptance of it, will show, perhaps, the strange struggle that he passed through. Undoubtedly the real difficulty was his child's weakly constitution, and the natural objection of the mother to be separated from her only child. But as her father, the Dean of St. Asaph, undertook to care for the child should the climate prove injurious, a happy way out of the difficulty was found. From the letters that Heber wrote at this time, one cannot help seeing that he was all through in favour of going. He had long taken interest in missionary matters, and he hoped to be able at any rate to do some good in reconciling as far as possible the C.M.S. and S.P.G.,—the differences between these societies being a very real trouble to the Indian Church. Nevertheless, had it been possible to elect a man already in the diocese, and experienced in matters Indian, it is clear that he would have refused. The £5,000 per annum, with a pension of £1,500 per annum after fifteen years' service, weighed a little, but not much, with him. Hodnet and the Preachership brought in a handsome income, and there was every probability of further preferment if he stayed in England. He felt that he could organise and conciliate; his emotional nature drew him to the East and the heathen; and although he endeavoured to compare his probable "comparative usefulness" in India or in England, his interest in India and love of work led him toward Calcutta.

Some of his letters at this critical period are very interesting. The Rev. J. J. Blunt—to be widely known afterwards by his literary work—was then his curate, and received a letter of great kindness announcing the news. A letter, too, went to the parish clerk at Hodnet.

Another went to the Bishop of Oxford, who had corresponded with him for some two or three years, and a reply came back mentioning that both he and the Fellows of All Souls desired to hang a portrait of their old companion in their hall. Heber consented, and tells his wife that his brother advises his sitting to Phillips, "as being far less tedious and but little inferior to Lawrence."

The Vice-Chancellor asked for a farewell sermon to the University, and the Bishop of Oxford secured his having the degrees of B.D. and D.D. conferred on him without the usual fees. Amid all the bustle and excitement which the new step naturally occasioned he felt the departure from Hodnet very keenly. Writing to Augustus Hare, his wife's cousin, he dwells on his approaching departure with great feeling. But in looking forward with fortitude he found an admirable ally and helpmeet in his wife. She had realised—perhaps more than he—all that the acceptance of this Indian post would shut them out of; but Emily Heber was a courageous woman, and when her mind was once convinced she was even more resolute than he.

On April 22nd he left Hodnet, and on reaching the high range near Newport he looked back, and in a sudden outburst of grief exclaimed that he would return to it no more. Without knowing it, he prophesied. Then he went to Oxford for a few days, and finally to London. He was consecrated on June 1st, and then resigned Hodnet in favour of his sister's husband, the Rev. C. C. Cholmondeley. On the eve of his consecration he had performed his last pastoral office by writing to a parishioner a long and earnest letter, begging him to endeavour to combat his besetting sin—indulgence in liquor. Then he turned his face towards his new duties, and, having written a letter of tender farewell to his mother on June 15th, he set sail for India on the following day.



CHAPTER V.

LITERARY LIFE.

ALTHOUGH Heber's literary life did not come to an end with his acceptance of the bishopric of Calcutta, the great bulk of his literary engagements was of necessity at once and, as it turned out, for ever abandoned. Up to this time he had produced much regular work for the *Quarterly Review* and other publications, which he was now compelled to give up. The few years of life which were left to him were to be exhausted in episcopal missionary labours, and such literature as he produced was incidental to these. It will be correct then, as well as convenient, if this break in his life be selected as the opportunity for reviewing the literary part that Heber played.

It would be easy to go back almost to the days of childhood to find the first evidence of his literary powers and sympathies. As this, however, has been dealt with in the chapter on his early years, it will be better to begin from the close of his undergraduate days.

Of course the most considerable amount of writing which he first did was the journal of his travels in Europe. This was not published during his lifetime, and when his widow incorporated it in her memoir

of him she did not give it complete. The style of the journal was rather inconsistent, for at times it was as laboured as at other times it was spontaneously bright. It may be said at once that Heber's style is not that which is now in vogue. The tendency of the modern fashion in literature is to simplify everything; to write in short clear sentences; to use simple and familiar words; and to be as bright and direct in our thoughts as we strive to be clean-cut in our style. It is undoubtedly the right fashion. It was set us by the Elizabethan writers, and by those of the earlier part of the eighteenth century. But as that century grew apace Latinity became the rage, and we have the terrific sentences and reverberant phrases which, from their greatest exponent, have since been known as "Johnsonese." With Wordsworth and Coleridge, Keats and Lamb, a happier turn came to men's words, and, aided by the long, laborious life of Tennyson, who carried their efforts in simplicity of expression to what we call perfection, it is now fairly established that, if our material be really good, simplicity of form is not only sufficient but capable of stimulating the highest art. It was unfortunate that Heber should have been born and bred at a time when the general taste in literature had dropped to a low level. The books he read, the sermons he heard, the speech of the people among whom he lived, were couched in language which was rather elaborate than simple, artificial than natural; it drew its words by preference from Latin, and the Saxon of Shakespeare's English was entirely out of vogue. If, then, one feels a suspicion of weariness in reading his articles in the *Quarterly*, it should be remembered that he wrote in the language of the people he desired to reach. This language was not of necessity his; it was the literary, the learned language of the day. Indeed, I would go so far as to say that Heber, whose simpleness of mind and transparent honesty of motive were among his leading characteristics, would have chosen the simple in prefer-

ence to the so-called "learned" style had he written less of purely literary and scholarly subjects. While one must not forget that even in the age of a Johnson a Gilbert White could be born to immortality, it is also necessary to remember that the subject greatly dominates the style. You will scarcely be flippant if you write of sacred things; and you would not intentionally select the style of the Schoolman when you write of the running brook. This principle Heber illustrates. When we read one of his village sermons we are at once struck by the difference of the style from that of his reviews in the *Quarterly*.

But while there are styles and styles, there is but one canon of criticism for all styles. Command of any defined style is itself, on critical grounds, laudable: whether you sing in syllables or polysyllables; whether a spade is "a spade" or "an agricultural implement;" whether a Ruskin invests a noble theme with noble words, or a Kipling sets down in lifelike coarseness the mere vulgarities of Tommy Atkins. For if the terms employed be proper to their subject, if the epithets be just, the syntax not only correct but so orderly as to be balanced, and yet so variously ordered as not to be monotonous or unduly rhythmical, and if the arrangement and sequence of the matter be in true perspective—then the style cannot be condemned on the score of inherent worthlessness. It may strike one generation as pedantic, and another as ponderous, and a third as affected, and a fourth as coarse, for this is a matter of fashion; but there can be little question that it satisfied the demands of criticism. For criticism of style does not deal with matter, but with form.

When we pass to the next question, and ask ourselves not *how* Heber said his message, but *what* message he had to say, we arrive on safer ground. This is ascertainable with a degree of accuracy which does not distinguish it from solid fact, for of course we gather his ideas and views, the teaching he offered, and the knowledge he defined, from the actual text of his

writings. To summarise these in a paragraph would not only deprive them of any interest they may have for us, but would almost certainly be misleading. For the story, however, of his literary life and work it will be both easy and interesting to find for ourselves what is best for each of us in the legacy he wrote for all.

On his return to Oxford, after his extended travels in Europe, Heber had sufficient leisure for attempting literature. It is natural that the attempt was soon made. He had always been a great reader—almost an omnivorous reader—and in the direction of romance, poetry, and history a persistent student. But, as with many of Oxford's distinguished sons, his earlier efforts were largely humorous and satirical. He contributed at this period a number of amusing sketches to that most venerable journal, the *Gentleman's Magazine*. After the fashion of the day, he sent various queries to its pages. But they were usually of an absurd character, and he answered them himself in the next issue with a great show of reality. One of these queries was supposed to emanate from "Clericus Leicestrensis," and asked for full information as to the remedy for the depredations of a certain insect which concentrated its attention on spinach; and Heber replied at length and with great seriousness as to the proper remedial measures—the insect, the ravages, and the remedy all being purely imaginary. At another time there appeared a sonnet on the death of a certain Lieutenant Philip V——, who was killed at the siege of Fort Muzzaboo on the St. Lawrence: the last line is famous—

"And Marathon shall yield to Muzzaboo"—

but the fort and the siege and the lieutenant were all fiction. Yet a gentleman actually sent £5 to Sylvanus Urban for the writer of the poem, so pleased was he to hear that his nephew Philip V—— (who had been missing for years) had died with honour to himself and his country! His Homeric poem on the county ball at the

"Hen and Chickens," Birmingham, has already been referred to; but it deserves to be read not only for the humour of the Greek, but the wit of the Latin notes appended. These, however, would be out of place in a book intended for "popular" circulation.

When in the summer of 1806 he reached Dresden, he found that town in the state of excitement which the marching of troops to meet the French would be likely to arouse. With the clash of arms in his ears, he began the poem which in 1809 he published under the title of "Europe." It is spirited and suggestive, but it may be mentioned in passing that the prophecy regarding Spain—though confirmed as to political events—has not yet become true as to religious matters.

Early in this year we find him thinking of the *Quarterly Review*, then about to be started. He writes to his friend Thornton, asking him to secure recruits for the *Review*, "in which several of our common friends are likely to be engaged, and which may serve to set some limits to the despotic authority of the *Edinburgh*." He adds that he is waiting for the appearance of the first number before he finally consents to work for it. This consent he soon gave, and in the same year contributed the review on Robert Kerr Porter's "Travelling Sketches in Russia and Sweden." Commenting on the poem on Talavera in the same number, he says that "it is very spirited, and only unfortunate in being necessarily compared with Scott; the author is understood to be Mr. Croker." And he adds: "The best article, I think, in the *Review* is the critique on Parr, which, both in wit, taste, and good sense, is superior to almost everything of Jeffery's." At the same time we hear that his religious muse is silent. "In summer when I walked in green fields, or sat under shady trees, such fancies often came into my head; now, I have unpacked six boxes of old divinity, and am otherwise employed."

In preparing his travels "in Europe, Asia, and Africa," published in 1810, the well-known traveller

Edward Clarke made great use of Heber's MS. journal in the section devoted to Russia. Heber also placed at his disposal many of the careful sketches he had made in that country. Clarke himself wrote in the preface to that work: "In addition to Mr. Heber's habitual accuracy may be mentioned the statistical information, which stamps a peculiar value on his observations; this has enriched the volume by communications the author himself was incompetent to supply." Writing of the review of this work which appeared in the *Quarterly*, Heber says: "I agree with you in thinking that my Russian notes are made more conspicuous in the *Quarterly Review* of Clarke's travels than the proportion they bear to the rest of the work would lead one to expect. You will not wonder, however, that he himself should be treated coolly, when I tell you that the reviewer is a staunch Muscovite, and an 'old courtier of the Queen's' during the most splendid days of Catherine." Later on we hear how vexed he is at the way in which Dealtry had been handled, and he explains that "Gifford probably knew nothing of Dealtry; but he has been ere this informed as to his real character and attainments, which, though the past is irretrievable, will serve as a caution in future."

In August 1810 he asks Wilmot: "How do you like the 'Lady of the Lake'? Her boat had not touched the strand, I think, when we parted last." He was a great admirer of Scott; and a little later he tells Thornton that he is hard at work reviewing for the *Quarterly* Thomas Thornton's "Present State of Turkey." Early in 1811 he writes in great praise of Southey's "Curse of Kehama,"—"on the whole, the finest thing which Southey has yet produced;" and he asks his wife, who is going on a journey, to take the book with her in the carriage. The review of this work in the *Quarterly* was attributed to him, but it was really written by Scott. In May of the same year he tells Wilmot that he has "the most perplexing and the least satisfactory job on my hands which I ever embarked

in since I translated *Spectators* into Latin for missing Chapel at Brazen Nose." This was an article on Pindar, the occasion being found by a small volume of translations recently published. This and other work, he says, "make a better plea for his not writing to friends than that of the Cambridge man who, when asked in what pursuit he was then engaged, replied that 'he was diligently employed in suffering his hair to grow.'"

In 1811 and 1812 *The Christian Observer* contained a number of hymns which Heber had written on various occasions. A portion of the prefatory notice which he wrote to accompany their publication may be quoted here as showing their purpose and his views on hymnody, and at the same time affording an interesting little glimpse of what was the Church practice of the day.

"The following hymns are part of an intended series, appropriate to the Sundays and principal holy days of the year, connected in some degree with their particular Collects and Gospels, and designed to be sung between the Nicene Creed and the sermon. The effect of an arrangement of this kind, though only partially adopted, is very striking in the Romish liturgy; and its place should seem to be imperfectly supplied by a few verses of the Psalms, entirely unconnected with the peculiar devotions of the day, and selected at the discretion of a clerk or organist. . . . In one respect, at least, he hopes the following poems will not be found reprehensible; no fulsome or indecorous language has been knowingly adopted; no erotic addresses to Him whom no unclean lips can approach; no allegory, ill understood and worse applied. . . . When our Saviour was on earth, and in great humility conversant with mankind; when He sat at the table, and washed the feet, and healed the diseases of His creatures; yet did not His disciples give Him any more familiar name than *Master* or *Lord*. And now, at the right hand of His Father's Majesty, shall we address Him with ditties of

embrace and passion, or in language which it would be disgraceful in an earthly sovereign to endure ?"

In 1812 he began a most elaborate work, which eventually had to be abandoned—the Dictionary of the Bible. But during the whole time he was at Hodnet he worked at it, and it came to be one of his favourite occupations. He mentioned some time after that the shortness of each article, and the fact that he could often take up the work for a little time and then put it aside again, tempted him to work on it when his engagements prevented him from undertaking subjects requiring more continued thought and labour. In the same year, too, he published a small volume of poems, containing those already published, some translations he had made from Pindar when writing the article for the *Quarterly*, and a few new poems. Messrs. Longman & Rees published this volume of collected verse. This year also saw the beginning—none saw the completion—of his Morte d' Arthur. He was very fond, it may be mentioned here, of Keltic music, and his poems were often composed to some favourite or familiar Welsh tune.

Writing to Wilmot in this year, when staying at Harrogate for his health, we find the following piece of literary curiosity: "You have, I conclude, got acquainted with your cousin, Lord Byron, of whom, I entreat you by your father's beard and your own right hand, to send me a full and impartial account." He had always admired Byron. Five years earlier he had quoted with fervour that "cherub of the southern breeze," and four years later he writes: "How do you like the new 'Childe Harold'? I think the beginning tolerable; the end very fine indeed; the middle '*party per pale*' (to use the heraldic term) very good and very prosaic and inharmonious."

In December 1812 he is "a good deal vexed with Gifford." Poor man! like many another editor, he had only postponed a review of the "Last Years of the Reign of Gustavus Adolphus the Fourth, late King of Sweden"

to the next number. Heber had worked hard to get the review done in time; but our sympathy on this occasion is with the editor. However, the contributor finds some consolation in working at a descriptive poem on "The Desert"—a sort of picture of wild nature in all parts of the world, where Cossacks and Mohawks, Israelites and Laplanders, all have a turn; and Gifford asks him to write an article on the Cossacks. This never appeared, for the subject gradually developed to such lengths that it became a "History of the Cossacks," which his call to India prevented his finishing. But he wrote an article on Madame de Staël's work on Germany in the *Quarterly* a year later. It was attributed to some one else; Heber himself said: "I desired Murray and Gifford, for obvious reasons, not to name the author; why they have attributed it to a 'young lawyer' the father of *concealment* (for I will not use a harsher word) only knows."

That it pleased Madame de Staël is certain. She said to a friend that of all the reviews on her work "this was the only one which had raised her opinion of the talent and acquirements of the English."

In the year 1815, he preached the Bampton lectures before the University of Oxford, and these were published in the year following, dedicated to Lord Grenville, then Chancellor of the University. The publication did not pass unnoticed. A writer in the *British Critic*, a clergyman of the name of Nolan, attacked him for his heterodoxy in the issues of December 1816 and January 1817. Heber, though greatly disliking controversy, published a reply which was considered at the time to be unanswerable; at any rate, his critic found only a small portion of it available for subsequent criticism.

Some versifications of German and Eastern poems were made at this time, but there is nothing to call for special notice. His verse was always elegant, but much of it was preserved without careful revision, and found its way into print afterwards, when Heber

probably had little time for attending to it. Reviewing Sir John Malcolm's "Persia" in 1816, he refers to the death of Timour in circumstances which suggested, as an incomplete parallel, the retreat from Moscow; and "Timour's Councils" resulted from this reflection.

In the August of that year he put this postscript in a letter to his friend Hay:—"Murray has sent me a copy of a glorious poem by Milman on the fall of Jerusalem, which he wishes me to review immediately. I have looked at some parts and been delighted with it." The review duly appeared, and helped to contribute to the great popularity which came to that poem. "As being almost exclusively laudatory," the reviewer confessed he found it difficult to do, and not satisfying when done.

Among the more serious occupations of his literary life, Heber was able and willing, at times, to indulge in the lighter vein. We have seen how at Oxford he was not innocent of the satirical effusions that we expect from the undergraduate with a taste for verse, and now, in his maturer years, he could be persuaded to lend his pen to the uses of social enjoyment. Among these "Masques" and efforts, suggested undoubtedly by friends and festivities rather than by the Muse (even in the guise she wore to Milton when he wrote L'Allegro), we may perhaps place "The Masque of Gwendolen" as the most conspicuous. Some of the passages are simple and charming, as the following verse from the song to the Sea Nymphs will show:—

> "Nymphs of air and ancient sea,
> Bridal gifts we bring to thee!
> Lo, these plumes of rich device,
> Pluck'd from birds of paradise!
> Lo, these drops of essence rare,
> Shook from a wand'ring meteor's hair!
> Nymphs of air and ancient sea,
> Such the gifts we bring to thee!"

At that time there was no such thing as cheap and good literature. The Government regarded literature and journalism as lawful prey, and taxed paper and

printer and publisher within an inch of their lives. Still, it began to be thought by those who had the interests of the poor at heart, that, in spite of these imposts on the diffusing of knowledge, something might yet be done. Among those who thought and worked for this was Heber, and he writes to his friend Hay in 1817 that it is a great misfortune that the poor man who wants to read can find so few books of good quality within his means. The wholesome appetite for reading he could satisfy with plenty of rubbish, and plenty, too, of controversial and banally political pamphlets; but if his appetite were wholesome and keen for good sound instructive books, he stood a very fair chance of starving. "This evil," said Heber, "is not met by the usual distribution of tracts by the different religious societies, since their works are not read as amusement; and therefore, though they may sometimes correct the evil of a blasphemous or seditious publication, do not come in *instead* of such a work. Mrs. Hannah More's repository, to a certain extent, answered this object; but an abridgment of some historical books, of the Lives of the Admirals, Southey's Nelson, Hume's History, etc., would, I think, be of still greater advantage if a society could be instituted to print them in numbers, so cheap as to make it more worth the while of the hawkers to sell them than Paine's 'Age of Reason,' etc., which I believe they now do sell to a greater amount than is generally supposed." Such a society was eventually founded, and for a considerable period carried on this very work.

On the periodical journeys which his appointment to a prebendary's stall in the Cathedral of St. Asaph required him to make—on horseback—he frequently composed songs and other poems; more or less suggested by the incidents or impressions of his journeys. One familiar song, for example, is called "The Spring Journey," and another is the "Carol for May-Day." The concluding verse of the latter will show him in a happy vein:—

"Flocks on the mountains,
And birds upon their spray,
Tree, turf, and fountains,
All hold holy day:
And love, the life of living things
Love waves his torch, love claps his wings
And loud and wide thy praises sings,
Thou merry month of May."

In September 1817 he wrote the review on Southey's "History of the Brazils," which appeared in the *Quarterly*; and in the same month he writes of the editor of that review: "Poor Gifford has, I fear, been dismally ill. What is to become of the *Quarterly* when he goes?" But Gifford was to recover, and Heber very soon afterwards contributed an article intended to show—what subsequent events have been calculated to disprove—that Russia had not the intentions against British supremacy in the East and elsewhere which a certain class of politicians began to suspect. The curious will find his arguments set forth with his usual lucidity under the title of "A Sketch of the Military and Political Power of Russia in 1817."

Writing, on behalf of Gifford, to a clergyman anxious to contribute to the *Review*, we find this interesting little piece of information about the editorial conduct: "It is fair to tell you beforehand that Gifford claims the privilege, and exercises it with very little ceremony, of either rejecting or curtailing the articles sent to him."

To the death of his firstborn in 1819 we may trace the origin of the well-known hymn "Thou art gone to the grave," the lilt and refrain of which were subsequently adopted by the Rev. Dr. Turner in his memorial verses of the Bishop. Writing to the Rev. T. E. S. Hornby, he mentions that some years before he had thought of writing "a sort of epic poem on the subject of Arthur," and more recently contemplated something of like extent on the subject of Montgomery's "World before the Flood." Neither came to anything beyond a fragment. As the year went on, he wrote

an article on Kinneir's Travels (comparing them with Rennel's Retreat of the Ten Thousand), and a second on a new translation—Hunt's—of Tasso. Moreover, he is very busy in collecting and arranging his hymns, which, says he, "now that I have got them together, I begin to have some High Church scruples against using in public." His scruples were to be overcome.

The occasion of his writing the famous hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," was a sermon preached by Heber's father-in-law, Dean Shipley, in aid of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, on Whit-Sunday, 1819, in the parish church of Wrexham. The Dean had asked him on the previous day to write some hymn appropriate to the occasion, and the story goes that Heber there and then wrote the verses now familiar to us all. The original manuscript was in the possession of Mr. Thomas Stamford Raffles until his recent death, and it came to him from his father, the late Rev. Thomas Raffles, D.D. The latter obtained it from a Wrexham resident in 1830. If we may accept the narrative of the circumstances under which the hymn was written, these famous verses were strictly impromptu, and will reveal, perhaps, more than any other evidence I can bring, a spontaneity which could scarcely be found in a writer who was not both skilled and devout.

A visit to Seacome, in the summer of the year, awoke his Muse. "The Outward Bound Ship" belongs to this date.

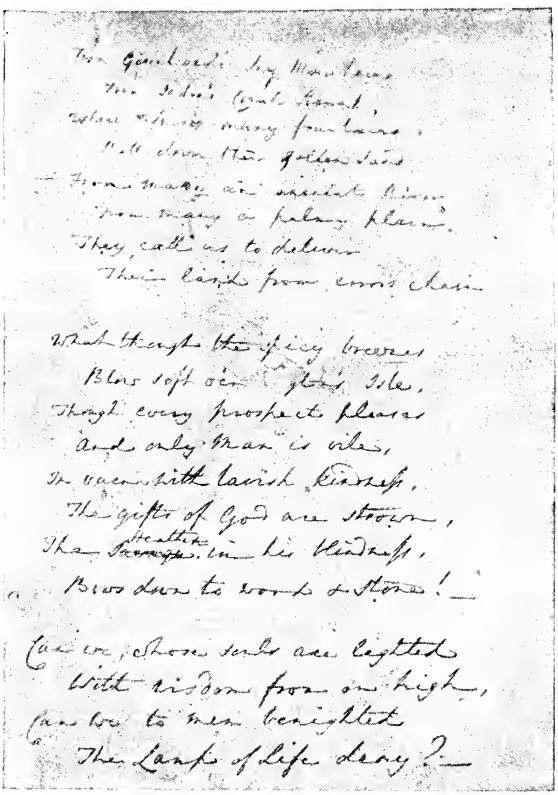
Heber was not only busy in writing matter which was intended for publication, but he was always more or less consulted by a wide circle of friends and acquaintances on points of criticism, advice as to books, and help in the study of theology. Many letters are extant which show us that in these private communications he was no less careful in his method and polished in his manner than when writing for the *Quarterly*. A perusal of many of these letters leads the present writer to wonder at all the work which he managed to get through, and to estimate something of the loss, in influence

and literature, which his removal to Calcutta must have caused. There is one letter in existence in which he writes a careful criticism of Scott's "Force of Truth," extending to some seven thousand words, for the single eye of a personal friend.

Towards the end of 1819 he began the work of editing the first complete and collected edition of Jeremy Taylor's works. The edition was to be contained "in fourteen or fifteen handsome octavo volumes." Heber was to write a life and a critical essay; and the portrait of Jeremy Taylor that hung in the hall of All Souls was to be engraved as a frontispiece. His friend John Talbot obtained for him a good deal of information about Taylor's descendants in Ireland, and Coleridge sent him "a curious and characteristic letter," and promised him "a sight of some notes which he has at different times written on Taylor." One difficulty he had with regard to the descendants was the great number who laid claim to this distinction without any means of establishing it; and another lay in the paucity of material for the Life. In a letter to Wilmot he says: "I have had from Ireland a very curious and interesting packet of details concerning Jeremy Taylor, such as his having married a natural daughter of Charles the First's, and other particulars not previously known." The Bishop of Oxford (who was also Warden of All Souls—Taylor's College) sent him information as to the election of that divine to a fellowship, about which there was some controversy, the fellowship finally being allowed to lapse to please a Church dignitary, and other particulars of his residence there. Heneage Legge provided the drawing from which the engraving of the portrait was made. There was another matter which, with the assistance of Lord Teignmouth, he was able to clear up —the source of that well-known parable of Abraham and the fire-worshipper, which Taylor, who tells it in his "Liberty of Prophesying," said he had found "in the Jews' books." Franklin subsequently set it out in the style of Scripture, and this, perhaps, helped to make his

the popular version. It is so beautiful that the writer, at the risk of occupying space much needed for Heber's own work, does not hesitate to quote it here.

"And it came to pass, after these things, that



FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL

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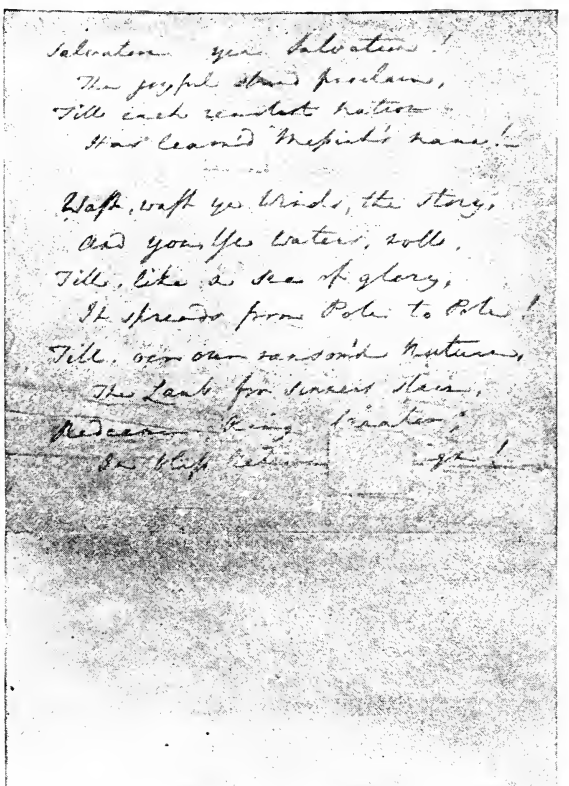
Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun, and beheld a man, bent with age, coming from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff; and Abraham arose and met him, and said unto

him, 'Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night; and thou shalt arise early in the morning and go on thy way.' And the man said, 'Nay; for I will abide under this tree.' But Abraham pressed



MS. OF HEBER'S HYMN.

[T. S. RAFFLES, ESQ.

him greatly; so he turned, and they went in unto the tent. And Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, 'Wherefore dost thou not

worship the most high God, Creator of heaven and earth?' And the man answered and said, 'I do not worship thy God, neither do I call upon His name; for I have made unto myself a god which abideth always in mine house, and provideth me with all things.' And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man; and he arose and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness. And God called unto Abraham, saying, 'Abraham, where is the stranger?' And Abraham answered and said, 'Lord, he would not worship Thee, neither would he call upon Thy name; therefore have I driven him before my face into the wilderness.' And God said, 'I have borne with him these hundred and ninety years, and nourished him and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against Me; and couldst not thou, who art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?'"

In April 1822 the work was published, and received with unanimous approval.

The year before this big undertaking—of which, like other authors, he confessed to grow weary toward the finish—was thus brought to an end, he had published in the *Quarterly* a review of Southey's "Life of Wesley." His attitude toward that wonderful man may be summed up in his own words—the biographer would be happy indeed who could write a Life which should be largely autobiographical: "It is no easy matter to give Wesley his due praise, at the same time that I am to distinguish all that was blamable in his conduct and doctrines; and it is a very difficult matter indeed to write on such a subject at all without offending one or both of the two fiercest and foolishest parties that ever divided a Church, the High Churchmen and the Evangelicals." And yet the writer of Heber's Life in that monumental work the "Dictionary of National Biography" calls the Bishop a High Churchman! All that Heber wrote and did went to prove the contrary, or, rather, the negative: he was essentially a "no-party" man.

He was now working steadily at the collection of hymns for use in public service. At that time there was not such a thing as a body of hymnody that could be so used. Ken's morning and evening hymns were certainly much sung, and on the occasion of "charity sermons" some more or less suitable verses were usually given out. But there were few good hymns, simple and reverent, that could be readily employed for services. Heber himself told the Bishop of London (Dr. Howley) that when the Duke of Gloucester was installed as Chancellor at Cambridge he heard a hymn sung, to the apparent approval of an august and learned audience, "a poem in the style of Darwin, in which the passion flower was described as a virgin, devoting herself to religion, attended by as many youths as the plant has stamina." Milman was helping him by actually writing as well as searching for suitable hymns; Walter Scott and Robert Southey were also contributing to the collection. For the first time some attempt was made to provide for the chief Christian seasons—for Advent, Christmas, the Passion, Easter, and for the days set apart as memorials of Christians eminent for saintliness or suffering. Milman wrote hymns for Advent, Good Friday, Palm Sunday, and other occasions. Scott's imitation of the Roman "Dies Iræ" was also included; it was preferred to a version sent him by his old friend Sir Robert Harry Inglis, as being more suited for English congregational singing, "though less full and faithful, and less poetical."

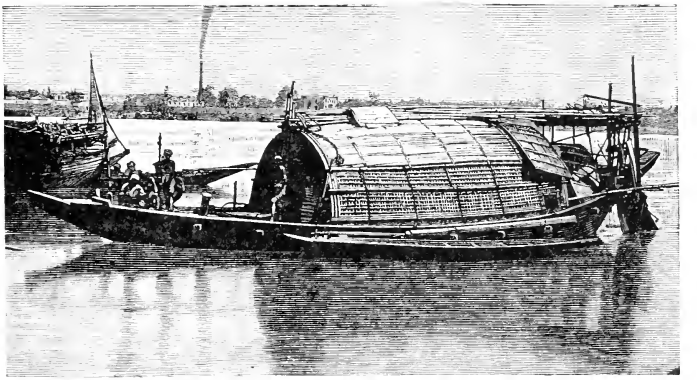
In November 1822 the following note comes as a contribution to the history of the classic *Quarterly*. "Among the possible conductors of the *Quarterly Review*, a name has just occurred to me which I cannot help thinking very likely to answer. It is that of Lockhart, the son-in-law of Walter Scott, and the author of 'Peter's Letters,' which are written with abundant talent and caustic humour. . . . As his principles are decidedly Tory, he may be very useful at the present

moment." At this time he was hard at work on a review on the "Black Book," a volume which made a great stir at the time owing to its severe strictures on the corruption of the clergy and their inordinate riches. With the help of his friends Mr. Williams Wynn, Mr. Vansittart, and others, he obtained a great mass of official returns of income tax, tithes, etc., and had almost completed a most exhaustive article on the revenues of the English Church at that period, when his acceptance of the See of Calcutta brought his literary work, with the single exception of his "Journal in India," to a conclusion. Fortunately, the article has been preserved, and forms, for those who are interested in the condition of the Church at the beginning of this century, a most important and valuable authority.

Perhaps the best conclusion to this chapter will be found in some verses from Southey's poem, suggested by the portrait of his old friend:—

". . . . . Devotedly he went,
Forsaking friends and kin,
His own loved paths of pleasantness and peace,
Books, leisure, privacy,
Prospects (and not remote) of all wherewith
Authority could dignify desert;
And, dearer far to him,
Pursuits that with the learned and the wise
Should have assured his name its lasting place.

O Reginald, one course
Our studies, and our thoughts,
Our aspirations held;
Wherein, but mostly in this blessed hope,
We had a bond of union, closely knit
In spirit, though in this world's wilderness
Apart our lots were cast.
Seldom we met; but I knew well
That whatsoe'er this never idle hand
Sent forth would find with thee
Benign acceptance, to its full desert.
For thou wert of that audience, . . . fit, though few,
For whom I am content
To live laborious days,
Assured that after years will ratify
Their honourable award."



TRAVELLING ON THE GANGES.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BISHOPRIC OF CALCUTTA.

IN 1823, when Heber was appointed the second Bishop of Calcutta, that diocese was so immense that no man could hope to administer it thoroughly. It was overwork which killed Bishop Middleton, and overwork carried Heber off in the very prime of life. It not only embraced the whole of the vast peninsula of India then accessible to the English, but it also included the Crown colony of Ceylon, the continent of Australia, and the colonies of Tasmania and New Zealand. And, as if this were not enough to dismay the most sanguine, there were added the Mauritius, the Cape of Good Hope, and Madeira. These last, however, lay on the sea-route to India, and might be visited at long intervals by the Bishop when going to England and returning to his Eastern diocese.

Heber's Indian career began and ended during the Governor-Generalship of Lord Amherst, a man socially agreeable, but undoubtedly one of the least distinguished of our rulers of India. The first Burmah war, the

successful storming of Bhurtpur (chiefly important because our Indian enemies believed that fortress impregnable), and the declaration at Delhi of our supremacy over the Mughul Emperor, were the three landmarks of his reign. He was perhaps unfortunate in succeeding so great a statesman as Lord Hastings, and in being followed by so successful an administrator as Lord William Bentinck.

Briefly, the British possessions in India at this period embraced the whole of the Ganges valley, practically the whole of the eastern and a large part of the western coast, and, with the exception of Mysore and Travancore, the whole of the peninsula south of a line drawn from Goa, on the west, to the Godaveri on the east. In addition to this, the subsidiary and "protected" states, where our influence was dominant, included Oudh, Gujerat, the great states in the southern-central provinces, and Mysore and Travancore in the south. The Punjab, Rajpootana, Malwah, and Berar were still independent. To put it concisely, if roughly, we may be said to have penetrated in the north to the Sutlej—the frontier of Lahore—and wedged our way in between the wild tribes of the Himalayan Mountains and those of a belt of an average width of four hundred miles, which stretched in a south-easterly direction from the Indus to within one hundred miles of the Bay of Bengal; while, south of this belt, we were masters of the entire country. At the same time many districts in our immediate control, as well as under our protection, were still in a troubled state, and great care had to be taken not to unduly excite popular indignation as well as the suspicions and jealousies of dynasties. In particular, it was dangerous to interfere with the public performance of religious rites, barbarous though some of these were. But as our rule grew in power, and became, in more responsible hands, less corrupt, we were found strong enough to interfere even with these. This, however, was after Heber's day. It was left to Lord William Bentinck to suppress *suttee*—the self-

destruction of widows on their husbands' funeral pile—and *thuggee*, the wholesale robbery and murder which their fanatical religion imposed upon the *thugs*.

Heber reached Calcutta on the 10th of October, 1823, and immediately found himself not only in a very strange scene and among strangers, but also face to face with an enormous quantity of work which had accumulated during the period which had elapsed since Bishop Middleton's death. At that time there was no official residence; and while his friend Williams Wynn was making arrangements in England for this and other conveniences, the Bishop was indebted to the Governor-General and others for the loan of houses that could be spared. Thus, on his first arrival in Calcutta, he was accommodated in a building which had at one time been the Government House.

One of the first matters to require his attention was an unseemly squabble between the Archdeacon of Bombay and one of the chaplains there. By the exercise of conciliatory measures, by great patience, and showing personal anxiety on his own part, the Bishop was able to bring this to a satisfactory conclusion; only, however, to be confronted with another of somewhat similar nature. We may suppose that under the vice-episcopal government of the archdeacons, during the inter-episcopate, some of the senior chaplains had got a little out of hand, and that these and two or three other outbreaks of an unfortunate spirit of indiscipline were, under the circumstances, only human and natural. In following very closely the lengthy correspondence which the Bishop entered into with the various parties to these disagreements, one is strongly impressed with the laborious care and the honesty of motive therein made evident; and it may here be said, once for all, that in every hitch or difficulty that arose during his short episcopate he bestowed an amount of learning and labour, moderation and tact, which account for the otherwise almost inexplicable enthusiasm he created wherever he went, and the extraordinary outburst of

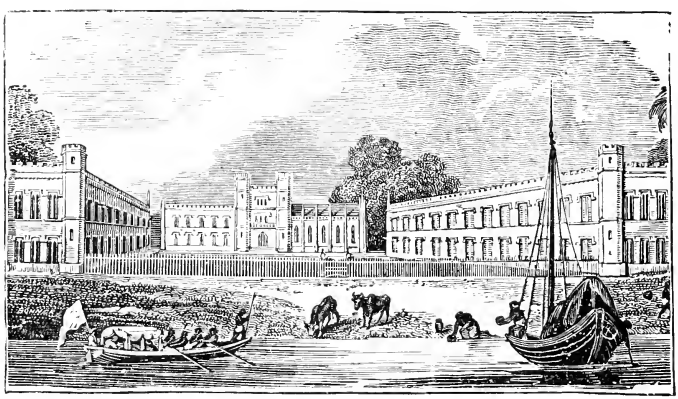
sympathy and sorrow which his sudden and early death called out. No man, one feels safe in asserting, ever made so great a mark upon India in so short a time. His opportunities were few, but he utilised every single chance that came in his way to the very utmost of his undoubted power. Yet it is less to that power—of intellect or of initiative—that his success was due than to the wise and temperate counsels that proceeded from motives of singular honesty and a high sense of conciliation. Tempered though the latter was by rigid adherence to the principle he believed the right one, he was fortunate in never making an enemy. And that much of the success which attended these counsels arose from the soberness and lucidity of thought which his peculiar preparation in England had engendered may be gathered from the remark of one who said that though he was seldom silent, he never heard him speak without wondering at the aptness and wisdom of his remarks.

At this period the Christian agencies in India were somewhat divided in aims, and, in certain cases, rather unfortunately diverse in their methods. In the first place, there were the chaplains provided for the "ghostly comfort" of the English in India. These men, though few—there were only twenty-eight appointed to Bengal at that time, and more than half that number on furlough!—were supposed to be superior to the others. Certainly, in point of material position, they held the lead by a long way. Their salaries were much larger, their pensions far more secure and easily gained; and by their official association with the ruling class they were in possession of more influence than the missionaries. Of the latter, those sent out by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge were the more numerous, but closely touching them were the emissaries of the Society for Propagating the Gospel. Inferior in numbers, and differing from the two former in their policy, were the agents of the Church Missionary Society; and after these, in point of numbers and influence, there were the men

sent out by various Nonconforming bodies—many of them most able and learned, and many of them sharing with the other Societies the disadvantages of a young, inexperienced, and not very able *personnel*.

An early exercise of Heber's episcopal power brought a question affecting the Church Missionary Society's agents to a head. The two elder Societies had placed their men under Bishop Middleton and now under his successor. They had been licensed and ruled in much the same fashion as the English clergy. Not so with the Church Missionary Society. Heber, however, obtained the opinion of the authorities as to the law of the matter—whether all clergy of the English Church in India were not subject to the Bishop—and obtained undeniable proof in support of the hypothesis. He then called a meeting of the Church Missionary Society branch at Calcutta. The clergy were, with one exception, in favour of submitting to his authority, the great majority of the laity against it. His claim was finally admitted as a "bye-law," but his point had already been gained by the voluntary adhesion of the clergy. It is important to note this, however briefly, because few people are aware that there was at one time a great deal of opposition to the introduction into India of episcopal rule. It is also useful to remember that one of Heber's motives in making missionaries as well as chaplains require his licence for leave to officiate, was to place them all, as far as possible, on a level. Before this there had been a great indifference shown by the chaplain to the missionary; and it is regrettable that the latter should have sometimes retaliated by withholding his help. Indeed, up to this time, there had been so clean a gap between the two classes that the officials of a station, if deprived of their chaplain by death or absence, frequently went without a service in their church for a year and more together, although, near by, there was an English missionary working laboriously, and perhaps with scant success, among the heathen! That so dis-

creditable a state of things was brought to an end is due to this action of Bishop Heber. It must be remembered that Bishop Middleton had been unable to recognise the Church Missionary Society missions at all, as not being subject to his jurisdiction, and also, that many of the missionaries sent out by or representing any of the Societies were somewhat uncultured men. We can therefore understand what Heber means by writing that they "are well pleased to find themselves recognised as regular clergymen, and treated accordingly."



THE ORIGINAL BUILDINGS OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE, HOWRAH, CALCUTTA.

The next matter to require his attention was the Bishop's College at Calcutta—for many years the most important educational institution in India. For Bishop's College was not a mere theological school; it represented the first attempt in India to educate the Hindu in secular as well as religious subjects. It was the parent of all those universities and colleges which are now spread over that great country, and the foster-nurse of the native ministry, of what one might call the Indian Church. Yet when Heber arrived in Calcutta Bishop's College was a mere shell, in which no student could be found, and whose principal was not yet in residence.

The College owed its existence to Bishop Middleton, its upbringing to Bishop Heber, but its sustenance largely to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. In 1819, with the assistance of a "Royal Letter," which at that time was a favourite method of obtaining popular support, some £50,000 had been subscribed in England. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and the Church Missionary Society each gave £5,000 to the building fund; and the latter gave £1,000 annually towards its maintenance. The British and Foreign Bible Society placed £2,000 at its disposal for the work of translating the Bible into native tongues. Bishop Middleton himself gave £400, besides many valuable MSS. and some five hundred volumes for the library. Yet, in spite of all this help, the money raised was spent in an absurdly lavish manner, and the College made very slow progress towards completion. The very style in which it was built, Gothic (and of a debased order), was totally unsuited to the climate and the country, though doubtless recalling the seats and associations of learning in far-away England. When Heber arrived, the grounds of the College were still undrained marshland, with wide, open stagnant pools and dense jungle, dangerous to health. Within less than two years this and sixty additional acres, which he had procured for the College from the Government, were drained and laid out. On his arrival the building was pushed on so that within a few months Principal Mill and the tutors could move into it; and first the library and then the chapel were finished. For these, too, he raised large sums of money. The purposes fulfilled were four:—

1. A thorough educational course in secular subjects, including English;

2. A theological training for natives and Europeans intending to become schoolmasters, catechists, and clergymen;

3. A place for the translation of the Scriptures and Prayer Book into native languages; and

4. A hostel for missionaries arriving and staying in Calcutta, while awaiting instructions, and the like.

On his journeys throughout India the Bishop never lost an opportunity of pressing the claims of this Institution; and before his episcopate came to an end the College was in full work, carrying out each one of the purposes for which it had been founded. And not only this, but some schools in other parts of India had been founded and affiliated to it, thus showing that the ramifications of the educational system which subsequently arose were not beyond the thoughts of the wise and far-seeing man who had laboured so abundantly for the success of the College.

Nor was his zeal for the education of the native confined to higher branches or adults. For within a few months of his reaching Calcutta he had enlisted the support and services of many English women in that city on behalf of the native girls. He got much help from the Europeans, and no less a sum than twenty thousand rupees from a Hindu gentleman. A grant from the Church Missionary Society afforded material help, and very soon, under the able administration of Mrs. Wilson, to whose energy and acquaintance with native languages the initiative was due, a central school, with a group of affiliated schools, was successfully organised. In the central school native teachers were trained for work in the other schools. At first it was difficult to find a native who would become a teacher. At the end of a few years nearly thirty women were being trained. Hindu parents, too, were even asking for trained teachers to instruct their children in their own homes! It must be remembered that these schools were for Hindus, and that all were welcome, whatever their creed. The first thing was to obtain the support and the confidence of the Hindu parents. After that it was hoped that the influence of the teachers would leave a feeling of friendliness and sympathy for Christianity which might or might not bear even riper fruit.

In February 1824 we find the Bishop speaking of

his writing with difficulty, owing to a disorder of the eyes. The birth of another child had deprived him for a while of what he calls "my best, and, in confidential matters, my only secretary." The health of Mrs. Heber and the children, it may be said here, was a continual source of anxiety to him throughout his Indian career—a matter which would not be surprising now, but in those days, when the country round Calcutta was far less drained and cultivated, might have been almost accepted as inevitable.

In June the Bishop set apart for the work of the Christian ministry the first native yet ordained. This was Christian David, who was a native of Malabar, but came to Calcutta from Ceylon, where he had been for some years engaged as Catechist (under the direction of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge). He had formerly been a pupil of Schwartz, who had laboured with such success in Southern India. Heber mentions that David passed his examination excellently, and gave very general satisfaction. He was ordained deacon on Ascension Day, and made priest on the following Trinity Sunday, lodging and working, meanwhile, at Bishop's College. David subsequently had the charge of a mission in the district of Bhagalpur, and died not long afterwards of fever, his wife following him to the grave about a month later from the same disease. He was evidently a man very much above the average native catechist in point of intellectual attainments and moral steadfastness, and it is a little regrettable that the Bishop should have intervened to prevent his first sermon being printed.

In those days Protestants thought nearly as much of a sermon as a Hindu did of his idol, and it was not so unusual to print a sermon delivered on any noteworthy occasion, as it would be now. Indeed, sermons good, bad, and indifferent, were printed on all sides, and at every opportunity. David's first sermon after ordination, on the other hand, was probably the climax of a long and highly meritorious course of

conduct, sustained with singular persistence; and the desire to have it printed came not from the author but from many Englishmen in Calcutta, including the English clergy. It was one of the very few opportunities which Heber (for sound reasons, doubtless) seems to us to have let slip.

It may not be generally known that the Bishop, who was soon appointed a Vice-President of the Asiatic Society in Calcutta, suggested to Mr. Williams Wynn the device afterwards borne by the Royal Asiatic Society, that of the banyan tree, with the motto, "Quot rami tot arbores." The branches, though flourishing and grown themselves to trees, subsequently became more closely fused in the Royal Asiatic Society of London, and thus justified the device of the banyan tree, if they somewhat belied the motto.

In the month of June 1824 the Bishop set out on his first "Visitation," one of the most extensive visitations, if I mistake not, ever undertaken. It included the whole of the Ganges valley, and at its head a trek south to Baroda and Bombay. Thence by ship to Ceylon, and thence again to Calcutta, where, after a short rest, it was extended southwards to Madras and Trichinopoly. Of all the incidents, or even of a few of them, we cannot possibly hope to give an account here. It must suffice if we follow in the Bishop's steps, and linger with him now and again, more especially, perhaps, when he has something to say of himself or of the condition of the English at that time, and of the progress we were making in winning our way as a civilising power. Like all Eastern nations, the customs of the natives of India were much then as they were a thousand years ago, and much, too, as they are now. Of these customs most persons have a good idea, if not an exact knowledge, and this is not the place to deal with such questions as caste or the rivalries between the Hindu and Mohammedan population. It is rather the purpose of these pages to reflect a personal figure, which, if it be only projected in outline, yet retains so

much of the characteristic features, that we recognise it for that of Heber, a man of mental power, common sense, patience, moderation, personal charm, and unremitting toil.

The first part of his journey was an interesting voyage through the intersecting rivers and channels of the Ganges delta to the old city of Dacca. Accompanied by Mr. Stowe, his chaplain, and some native servants, he started in a couple of small boats, lateen-rigged. The accommodation was slight, the cabin being merely an open sort of hut, with a low thatched roof. In the one boat the travellers journeyed, and in the other their cooking was done, their luggage was piled, and their stores packed away. It may give the reader some idea of the difficulty of obtaining supplies even in this fertile region if it is mentioned that they had to provide for so simple a matter as milk, milch goats being taken on board. Salt meat and poultry formed the staple of provisions, and, after a while, they were able to obtain from the fishermen they encountered an uncertain supply of fish. It is curious to note that it was with great difficulty that they were able to enter into parleys with the native fishermen, so plundered had they been by the rascally servants of careless or indifferent European "Sahibs." There is one point, which any one would do well to remember in reading the travels of any white man in tropical countries, and it is that the natives, being by nature and climate disposed to an easy life and the habit of supplying themselves alone with food, very seldom have any to spare for the unexpected visitor. This fact has accounted for many of the privations which Englishmen and others have suffered in exploring new tropical regions, and it explains why Stanley, who marched at the head of an army, had to enforce the delivery of provisions at the point of the bayonet. It also explains, since by clearing the country of the harvest he left the people in imminent danger of starvation, why it was often so difficult and sometimes impossible for him to return by the way he came.

Through a flat and alluvial country, growing rice and indigo, and abounding in jungle formed by banyans, palms, plantains, and bamboo thickets, and here and there usurped by a wide stretch of malarial swamp, the little boats held on their tortuous way to Dacca. One characteristic anecdote we have room for, and that is all. While passing along one of the streams, they were hailed from the bank by a man who begged earnestly to be taken on board. The Mussulmans who formed the crew laughed at his entreaties, but Heber, who was steering, turned his boat toward shore. The man said he was a soldier in the 14th Regiment, which was going to Dacca by boat, and that at the last halting-place he had missed the boat to which he belonged. He could not swim, and all the boats that had previously passed refused him passage, seeing that he was poor. Heber took him on board, and the fellow, who was a fine specimen of a Hindu, said that on seeing a Sahib (a white gentleman) his hopes had revived. By way of administering a side-thrust to the crew, and perhaps at the same time of complimenting the Sahib, he said, "These cursed Bengalees are not like other people, and care nothing for a soldier or anybody else in trouble. To be sure," he added with some point, "they always run away well!" After travelling some miles Heber overtook the flotilla of the regiment, and proposed to put him on board the first boat. But the Hindu begged piteously not to be so dishonoured, for this was the cooking boat. The Mussulman crew, caring nothing for caste, roared hilariously at this. They then approached a second boat, and again overtures were made to transfer the passenger. Again he objected—it was the washerman's boat! The crew now simply shouted and chaffed the man out of countenance, so with many apologies and profuse expressions of gratitude he was straightway transferred. This is a slight incident, but it shows us something of the character of the natives and a glimpse of the methods by which the

Bishop earned to himself such golden opinions from the natives.

At Dacca Mr. Stowe was taken dangerously ill. He had been ailing at Calcutta, but it was hoped that a three months' voyage on the Ganges would set him up. Probably had he weathered the severe strain put upon his constitution by this trip through the delta, he would have really benefited by the change to a drier climate; but, like many another European, he failed to exercise the continual caution required in a miasmatic country. The three weeks' journey through the delta proved fatal, and on the 17th of July he died. Heber nursed him throughout the last illness, closed his eyes when the end came, laid him to rest in the cemetery outside the town, and ordered a monument to be placed over his grave. This was a great loss to him, as well as, of course, a personal grief.

Writing home to Augustus Hare of the death of Stowe, he mentions that at Dacca they "were the guests of Mr. Master, the principal judge, whose nephew you may have known at Balliol, and from him, more particularly, and from Mr. Mitford, the junior judge, brother to my friend Mitford, of Oriel, we received daily and unwearied kindness. Mrs. Mitford, on finding that poor Miss Stowe thought of setting off for Dacca to nurse her brother, not only wrote to ask her to their house, but offered to accelerate a journey which Mr. Mitford and she were meditating to Calcutta, in order to take care of her in her dismal homeward voyage. I trust, however, that my letter would arrive in time to stop her."

It is interesting to record, as an instance of Heber's genial and liberal Christianity, that it was at Dacca he received a letter from the Protopapas of the Greek Church resident at Calcutta, in which that official regretted to hear of the Bishop's departure, and trusted that he would have a safe journey. The letter was written in Greek, and cannot find a place in this little

memoir, but its superscription is worth recording: "To the most learned and reverend Master, and Spiritual Father, the Lord Reginald, Bishop of Calcutta, with respectful solicitations." It may be added that the translation of the letter printed in Mrs. Heber's memoir of her husband, though performed by a clergyman, is a most miserable affair, and does little justice to the writer's Greek. An *entente cordiale* was not only established between the English and Greek Churches, but also between the former and the Armenian Christians, who even called themselves "Protestant Armenians," by way of claiming some identity with the reformed churches.

Few people can realise even nowadays how vast a country India is, but there is probably not one person in a hundred thousand who has thought of how much more vast it must have been when railways were not, and the English was to the native population but a few scattered pin-points on a blackboard. Nowadays, too, you cannot travel at all in India without jostling against the clergy, both English and native; then it was very different. This is what Heber wrote in his Journal at Dacca: "I met a lady to-day who had been several years at Nusseerabad in Rajpootana, and during seven years of her stay in India, she had never seen a clergyman, or had an opportunity of going to church. This was, however, a less tedious excommunication than has been the lot of a very good and religious man, resident at Tiperah, or somewhere in that neighbourhood, who was for nineteen years together the only Christian within seventy miles, and at least three hundred from any place of worship."

From Dacca the Bishop journeyed south until he reached the Ganges again, and then turned his boats up stream.

"The noise of the Ganges," writes the Bishop, "is really like the sea. As we passed near a hollow and precipitous part of the bank, on which the wind set full, it told on my ear exactly as if the tide were coming

in ; and when the moon rested at night on this great and, as it then seemed, this shoreless extent of water, we might have fancied ourselves in the cuddy of an Indiaman." The river at this point was then about four miles in width ; but it must be remembered that the Ganges overflows its banks every year, and that during the rainy season many districts are flooded for a breadth of twenty, and even a greater number of miles.

The first station of importance was Bhagalpur. It was owing to the interest he then gained in the people of that district that Christian David was sent there to work so abundantly and with such promise—to be cut short, as we have seen, only too soon. From thence the Bishop moved on to Monghyr, here meeting James Lushington, cousin of his friend Charles Lushington, and son to that Stephen Lushington who afterwards became Governor of Madras. In his letter to Charles we have an interesting reference to the influenza which at that time—the summer of 1824—raged throughout the Lower Ganges. Speaking of a friend at Bhagalpur, he says : "Had he remained in Calcutta, he would hardly, I think, have weathered the influenza, or whatever is its name, of this last unhealthy season. . . . I was sincerely anxious to know that you had both got through this troublesome and universal ordeal without worse consequences than the usual amount of nursing and confinement. I trust that the weakness which it appears to have invariably left behind has been of less duration with both of you than my wife complains it has been in her case." So universal, indeed, was the epidemic that many of the public offices at Calcutta were closed, and the Company's dispensary was actually shut up at one time.

On the evening of August 3rd, after they had moored for the night, he landed, and went for a stroll. The result was the well-known poem, "An Evening Walk in Bengal." He said that he wrote it, endeavouring to fancy he was not alone. The lines "Come, walk with me the jungle through," and "Come on ! yet pause !

behold us now," may be quoted as showing how it bore out the intentional deception.

At Monghyr Heber met with an interesting incident, evidencing the catholicity of Christianity. There was no Company's chaplain at that station, the only Christian ministration being provided by a Baptist Missionary, and members of the English Church and other bodies availed themselves of it. Heber was asked to stay over a Sunday in order that he might hold service, and on this being made public the Baptist missionary announced that he would hold no service that day. When the day came, he not only attended himself, but brought his whole flock with him.

The Bishop sent home a humorous account of his entry into the sacred city of Benares, that "most holy city" of Hindustan. Here is an abridged version :—

"I will endeavour to give you some idea of the concert, vocal and instrumental, which saluted us as we entered the town.

"*First Beggar.* 'Great lord, great judge, give me some pice. I am a fakir; I am a priest; I am dying with hunger.'

"*Bearers*, trotting. 'Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!'

"*Musicians.* 'Tingle tangle, tingle tangle, bray, bray, bray!'

"*Chuprasse* (clearing the way with his sheathed sword). 'Silence! give room for the lord judge, the lord priest! Get out of the way—quick!' (Then very gently stroking and patting the broad back of a Brahmin bull), 'Oh, good man, move, move.'

"*Bull* (scarcely moving) 'Ba—a—ah!'

"*Second Beggar* (counting his beads, rolling his eyes, and moving his body backwards and forwards). 'Ram, ram, ram, ram!'

"*Bearers*, as before. "Ugh! ugh! ugh! ugh!'"

Any one who has ever travelled in an Oriental country, and especially in India, can realise the scene which the Bishop here calls up for the amusement of his wife. The reverence with which the sacred bulls are treated

is very often absurd. They will let them thrust their noses into the shops, and gorge sweetmeats or anything else that takes their fancy without more remonstrance than a humble petition will convey.

While riding one morning through the streets of Benares, a little boy ran after him, and with many salaams, and with his hands joined in humble appeal (as their manner is), told him that he was a student at a school which the Bishop had examined the day before. The boy said that the Bishop had not asked him if he knew his lesson, but that he did know it, and with my Lord the Bishop's permission he would say it. The good Bishop pulled up his horse and listened while the boy recited a long Sanskrit ode. The Bishop, though not understanding what it was about, at every pause said, 'Good, good,' which so pleased the boy that when he had done he wished to begin it all over again. The boy got a pat on the head and a small present, and he, in his turn, offered the Bishop a garland of flowers. It was a little incident, but a pretty one.

Heber saw much of Benares and its life—much of natives and something of native opinion—during his stay. For the results I have no space, but it will interest my reader to hear that he endeavoured to ascertain which were the most popular of the many Governors who had ruled India, and that the poll he took in casual conversation resulted in placing Warren Hastings and Lord Wellesley highest—"the two greatest men who had ever ruled this part of the world." But native affection, it seemed, was reserved for Mr. Jonathan Duncan; and "Duncan sahib ka chota bhaee" ("Mr. Duncan's younger brother") was a phrase commonly applied to any ruler who showed great kindness and a liberal spirit. A glamour seemed to rest round the name of Warren Hastings, and the children of Europeans were frequently put to sleep with lullabies which recalled, in Hindustanee, the pomp and splendour of that unfortunate Governor.

One gets a fair idea of what "visitation" meant to the Bishop, whenever he reached a station where a church or something that would do duty for a church could be found, in a letter written by one of the missionaries at Chunar, above Benares. Here is an extract: "This morning the Bishop preached on the Good Samaritan, and then administered the Sacrament both in English and Hindustanee. The service was nearly four hours long; and from the active part which his Lordship took, it seemed as if he would never be tired while thus engaged. At five in the afternoon we had divine service in Hindustanee. The whole church was thronged with native Christians, and the aisles were crowded with heathens; there must have been many hundreds present, of whom the greater part were drawn by curiosity. Immediately after, English evening worship commenced." The writer adds that the Bishop had spent seven hours that day in public worship. At Benares he had consecrated a church, held a confirmation (among the candidates were fourteen natives, "the first who have yet offered themselves"), and preached. Continually, too, was he engaged in planning for the development of the work begun, and the strengthening of the root but lately planted.

But the labour was heavy, and the return to the boat-life on the Ganges a respite and a rest which the Bishop greatly appreciated. He writes about this time: "Much as I like those I have left, I confess I was hardly sorry to feel myself once more upon the waters." What with the official work that fell to a diocesan who could be so rarely within, say, five hundred miles of many most important parts of his diocese, and the enquiries into half a hundred matters arising out of it; the visiting and the being visited; the duties of courtesy and the bonds of obligation, he had more to do than time to do it in. "I have more than once," he wrote, "been tempted to look back with regret to the evenings that I rambled by the jungle side, and the days that I passed in the quiet contemplation of wood, water, and cottages, and to think that,

BENARES, FROM THE GANGES.

though more is to be learned among the cities, camps, and castles of Hindustan, as much enjoyment, at least, may be found in the fragrant groves and comparatively unfrequented ruins of green Bengal."

But the quiet of the river life was soon to be exchanged for the activity and excitement of a land march through jungle.

At Allahabad he set out on a prolonged journey to the North-West, passing through Cawnpur, Lucknow, Bareilly, Almorah, Meerut, Delhi, Agra, Jaipur, and thence by way of Baroda to Bombay. The preparations for a journey which was made through so wide an extent of country were necessarily somewhat formidable, and the time to be spent on it—from the end of September to April 19th—did not in any way tend to make them less important. Of camping out in caravan Heber was now to have a prolonged experience—broken, it is true, by the agreeable diversion of receiving a lavish hospitality from high officials and rajahs and Indian royalty; and he leaves us an amusing account of his first impressions of his equipage. The "motley train," he tells us, consisted of "twenty-four camels, eight carts drawn by bullocks, twenty-four horse servants, ten ponies, forty bearers and coolies of different descriptions, twelve tent-pitchers, and a guard of twenty Sepoys under a native officer. The whimsical caravan filed off in state before me; my servants, all armed with spears, to which many of them had added, at their own cost, sabres of the longest growth, looked, on their little ponies, like something between Cossacks and sheriff's javelin-men. My new Turkoman horse, still in the costume of his country, with his long, squirrel-like tail painted red, and his mane plaited in love-knots, looked as if he were going to eat fire, or perform some other part in a melodrama; while Mr. Lushington's horses, two very pretty Arabs, with their tails docked and their saddles English ('Ungrigi') fashion, might have attracted notice in Hyde Park; the Archdeacon's buggy and horse had

every appearance of issuing from the back gate of a college in Cambridge on a Sunday morning; and lastly came some mounted *gens d'armes*, and a sword and buckler-man on foot, looking exactly like the advanced guard of a Tartar army."

James Lushington, who travelled with him in the upper basin of the Ganges, mentions a very typical piece of a traveller's experience. He and the Bishop had started off on horseback for a distant town, but the rain came down with such suddenness and force that they were wet through in a few minutes.

"'We stayed not for brook, and we stopped not for stone,'"

he writes, "but dashed on to Pulliampoor, which we reached in about an hour and a half,—at least I did; his lordship's horse knocked up, and he was not up for half an hour after me. There was no standing on ceremony, and I rode on and got a fire lighted in a wretched serai. Perhaps the smoke and stink, etc., kept out the cold which I thought I must have caught after standing so long in drenched clothes. The scene was rather good when the Bishop arrived. There was the Lord Bishop of all the Indies sitting cowering over a wretched fire of wet wood, the smoke of which produced a bleary redness about the eyes, surrounded by a group of shivering blacks, some squatting, some half afraid to come farther than the doorway of the hut; and in the background, close to his head, my horse's tail, with a boy attempting to scrape off some of the mud with which the poor beast was covered all over. The walls were of mud, and the roof of rotten smoked bamboo, from which were suspended two or three kedgeree pots. We cut jokes upon the ludicrous figures we were conscious of making, and were comfortable enough as long as we were eating, which we did with ravenous appetites. But in a short time we began to be sufficiently wretched, worse far than the 'stout gentleman' on a rainy day, for the traveller's room leaked like a

sieve. . . . Our beds being all thoroughly soaked though covered with oilcloth, we were obliged to turn into the palanquins, which were, perhaps, the best of the two, as one is quite secure from rain in there."

At Lucknow, the Bishop was very courteously received by the King of Oudh, and he tells a good story of that potentate's credulity and his helplessness in the hands of an unprincipled prime minister. It seems that the king was fond of mechanics, and delighted in the society of a Mussulman engineer, who instructed him in all the mysteries of his craft. The favour in which this engineer was held aroused the fears of the prime minister, who straightway sent a message to the engineer to tell him, if he were wise, to leave Lucknow. The engineer promptly left, and established himself in a place some ten miles down the river. The king was told that the man had died of cholera, and, to show his regret, he sent a handsome present to his widow and children. Now, as ill luck would have it, the king suddenly made up his mind to go on a voyage down the river, and before long, of course, he arrived at the spot where the engineer had erected a shop. Observing this, and other evidences of superior skill, the king ordered his barge to be steered ashore, when lo, behold the engineer himself, alive and well, but evidently in a state of great fear! The king spoke to him, and then took him straight back to Lucknow, in a most kingly state of rage, and sent for the minister, and asked him if it were true that the engineer was dead.

What followed shall be given in Heber's words.

"'Undoubtedly!' was the reply. 'I myself ascertained the fact, and conveyed your Majesty's bounty to the widow and children.'

"'Hurumzada!' said the king, bursting into a fury, 'look there, and never see my face more!'

"The vizier turned round, and saw how matters were circumstanced. With a terrible glance, which the king could not see, but which spoke volumes to

the poor engineer, he imposed silence on the latter; then, turning round again to his master, stopping his nose, and with many muttered exclamations of 'God be merciful!' 'Satan is strong!' 'In the name of God keep the devil from me!' he said,—

"'I hope your Majesty has not touched the horrible object?'

"'Touch him!' said the king; 'the sight of him is enough to convince me of your rascality.'

"'Istufirullah!' said the favourite; 'and does not your Majesty perceive the strong smell of a dead carcass?'

"The king still stormed, but his voice faltered, and curiosity and anxiety began to mingle with his indignation.

"'It is certain, Refuge of the World,' resumed the minister, 'that your Majesty's late engineer—with whom be peace!—is dead and buried; but your slave knoweth not who hath stolen his body from the grave, or what vampire it is who now inhabits it, to the terror of all good Mussulmans. Good were it that he were run through with a sword before your Majesty's face, if it were not unlucky to shed blood in the auspicious presence. I pray your Majesty, dismiss us; I will see him conducted back to his grave; it may be that when that is opened he may enter it again peaceably.'

"The king, confused and agitated, knew not what to say or order. The attendants led the terrified mechanic out of the room; and the vizier, throwing him a purse, swore, with a horrible oath, that if he did not put himself on the other side of the Company's frontier before the next morning, if ever he trode the earth again it should be as a vampire indeed."

Heber now made an adventurous journey up into Rohil-Khand, arriving at Meerut by the end of the year. Thence he journeyed south, by Delhi, Bhartpur, and Agra, to Jaipur, and though Rajputana to Baroda and Bombay. Dr. George Barnes, the Archdeacon of Bombay, met him near Baroda, and we may conclude

this chapter with a few extracts from that gentleman's MS. diary :—

"I went early this morning to meet the Bishop, and found him arrived before me. He was sitting in a single-poled tent, surrounded by baggage and followers ; he received me most kindly ; his voice and countenance were very much what I remember of them at Oxford, and his manner as free and animated as ever."

"Baroda.—The church consecrated here this day was dedicated to 'the Holy Trinity.' . . . The church being without a bell, the Bishop gave a design for the erection of a small belfry, which was built the September following."

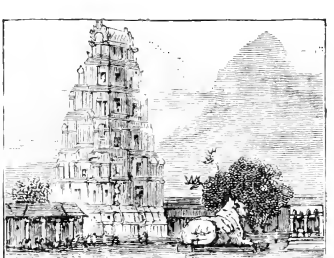
"Kairah.—The church was consecrated and dedicated to 'St. George.' . . . The Bishop's manner everywhere is exceedingly popular ; and though there are some points, such as his wearing white trousers and a white hat, which I could wish to see altered with more regard to his station . . . yet really I feel compelled to forgive him when I observe his unreserved frankness, his anxious and serious wish to do all the good in his power, his truly amiable and kindly feelings, his talents and piety, and his extraordinary powers of conversation, accompanied with so much cheerfulness and vivacity."

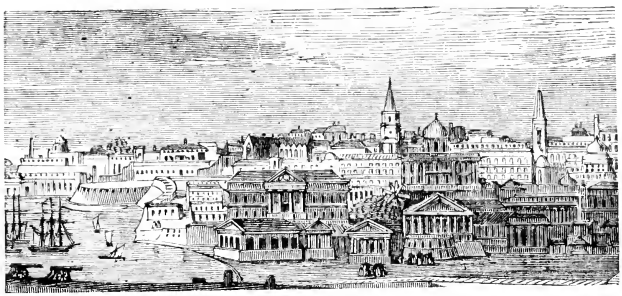
The Archdeacon was a stickler, it will be seen, for ecclesiastical "trimmings," but a preference for the Bishop's pith *topi* and linen trousers would have been more creditable to his sense of fitness. Things have changed since then, and nowadays the Indian clergy appreciate suitable clothing. With reference to this, I am interested in a note which the Bishop made on his first arrival in India with regard to the dress of the Roman Catholic clergy—white linen cassocks—as some few years ago I was particularly struck by this dignified and seemly costume, as worn by a venerable Roman Catholic priest in the Madras province, enhanced, too, in dignity by the padre's long grey beard.

"April 20th.—We came to an anchor in Bombay

harbour, but it being very late we did not land until this morning. . . . Government had prepared a very neat bungalow for the Bishop's reception on the esplanade and near the sea, where he much enjoyed the fresh breezes after the heat of his long and tedious journey. It is now above ten months since he left Calcutta, and during that time he has visited every station of importance in the upper provinces of Bengal and north of Bombay."

Very shortly after he reached Bombay, and nearly eleven months since he had bidden them good-bye, the Bishop was joined by his wife and elder child, who had come round by ship from Calcutta. In the peace and happiness of a renewal of family life, and in the comparative rest and healthfulness of his pleasant bungalow by the seashore, the labours of his long journey through Upper India came to an end.





CHAPTER VII

THE LAST YEAR.

In his tour through the northern part of India Heber had met with many encouraging signs of the vitality of the Church, and we learn from him that it was not the lukewarmness of the lay but the paucity of the clerical element that prevented the Church from going forward and keeping well abreast of the expansion of the civil power. "Not Westmoreland," said he, "before the battle of Agincourt wished with greater earnestness for 'more men from England' than I do." At Benares he had had eighty English communicants; at Allahabad sixty; and at Chunar, including the natives, one hundred and twenty. "The eagerness and anxiety for more chaplains," he writes, "is exceedingly painful to witness, knowing, as I well know, that the remedy of the evil is beyond the power of government to supply." This, of course, applied only to *chaplains*, whose duties were restricted to care for the Company's officials and troops. For missionaries he would look to the missionary societies. It is a matter of opinion, we may suppose, which is the prior duty, and it is the opinion of the present writer that the first duty of Englishmen is to satisfy the spiritual requirements of their brethren in distant lands; to do this, but yet not

to leave the other undone. This seems to have been the Bishop's view of the matter, and, although greatly anxious for missionary extension, he was if possible even more anxious for the provision of spiritual pastors for the small groups of English Christians scattered all over his wide diocese.

Four days after reaching Bombay he confirmed one hundred and twenty persons in St. Thomas's Church, —a large number for India in those days, especially as children were and still are sent home to England for their education. Three days later the formal visitation was held, and Dr. Barnes, the Archdeacon, preached a sermon which, as he was leaving for England after eleven years' service, was for him a sort of farewell. The Bishop consecrated five churches in the archdeaconry, visited many stations, confirming where required, and seeing what was to be seen in the district. At Bombay he appointed Mr. Robinson, who was there translating the Old Testament into Persian, his domestic chaplain, and obtained for him a Professorship at Bishop's College, so as to enable that scholar to proceed with his work. He then set about raising money for Bishop's College, as well as for the schools of the S.P.G. in the Bombay district. In a very short time he was able to collect for the former some £700, and the promise of about £150 per annum. In the course of his travels in the district he preached at every building set apart for religious services; he spared himself in no way, even when ill. Yet his solicitude for others was remarkable. Writing to a clergyman about some new work, he adds this postscript: "I feel conscious that I have in this letter chalked out for you a deal of trouble, and thrown a great weight of responsibility on your shoulders."

On August 15th, 1825, he sailed for Ceylon, his family and Mr. Robinson accompanying him. One of the first things he did on arriving at the Crown Colony was to establish a district committee of the S.P.G., and raise a fund for a scholarship to be held at Bishop's College. But his sympathies were not for one society nor a

single institution. Of his visit to the Church Missionary Society's station at Cotta an affecting account has been left by Mr. Robinson. It must be remembered that up to this time the emissaries of the Church Missionary Society had been outside Episcopal control in India, and the hearty reception they gave the Bishop everywhere, and the affectionate response that was returned, had a special point which the reader of to-day is likely to misinterpret without this hint.

"The scene," wrote Mr. Robinson of the visit to Cotta, "was to me most beautiful. We were embowered in the sequestered woods of Ceylon, in the midst of a heathen population; and here was a transaction worthy of an apostolic age,—a Christian bishop, his heart full of love and full of zeal for the cause of his Divine Master, received in his proper character by a body of missionaries of his own Church, who, with full confidence and affection, ranged themselves under his authority as his servants and fellow-labourers—men of devoted piety, of sober wisdom, whose labours were at that moment before them, and whose reward is in heaven." It may be noted that here, as at many other places, we find people astonished at his youthful appearance, and yet impressed with the simple, easy dignity of his manner.

He left Ceylon at the end of September—"I have passed a very interesting month in Ceylon; but never in my life, to the best of my recollection, passed so laborious a one"—and reached Calcutta on October 21st. He had intended to travel to Madras about the following Christmas, and visit the southern provinces during the cool season; but the great mass of work which had accumulated in his absence prevented this prudent plan being carried out.

Among the many matters he was now busied with, and the letters he had to write about them, we find an interesting record of how he had, as their almoner, disbursed the subscriptions and donations of the S.P.C.K. Noticeable is the £100 in aid of a chapel in a populous

part of Calcutta, which was built for the performance of the English service in Bengalee and Hindustanee, a system which till then had not been tried in Calcutta. There were also two sums of £30 to assist in their labours a Syrian and an Armenian bishop. Heber wrote that "the first is a person of much importance to the cause of Christianity in India, being the metropolitan sent, after a lapse of many years, but according to ancient custom, by the Syrian Patriarch of Antioch, to take charge of the Malayalim Church." But he did not, in the midst of his labours, forget old friends, and one notes a curious passage in a letter written at this time to the Bishop of Oxford. It described a book which Heber was sending for the library of All Souls—a dictionary of the Hindustanee and Persian languages, compiled by the then King of Oudh, and printed by him at his own private press at Lucknow—a work of merit, and one of sufficient novelty to deserve a place of honour in the library of the Bishop's old college.

Perhaps the most noteworthy incident of the brief period that elapsed before he sailed for Madras was the ordination or re-ordination of Abdûl Musseeh, a man of position and ability, who had formerly been ordained a Lutheran minister. On this account considerable opposition was offered to the re-ordination, but the Bishop maintained his views; and the event gathered an additional interest in consequence. The Bishop read the service in Hindustanee, and laid hands on Abdûl, assisted by Bishop Abraham of the Armenian Church, and about twenty of the English clergy. It is noticeable that the Bishop was very eager at all times to recognise that oppressed community the Church of Armenia, and as a matter of fact had at that time a theological student at Bishop's College in an Armenian deacon.

On January 30th, 1826, he sailed from Calcutta for Madras. He had only recently recovered from a severe attack of fever, which left him in a state of partial deafness. The sickly season of the southern provinces was before him, and he did not dare to take his family.

It is not surprising that he should have left them with more than usual reluctance. It is as curious as it is true that forebodings often precede catastrophe, although there may exist no outward sign of danger. Some day, perhaps, it may be scientifically explained, but until then we are fain to leave it in that domain of unexplored psychology which hems us so closely round.

On starting the Bishop began the journal which he was destined never to finish. At Madras, however, he was so hard at work that he was unable to make even the usual daily entry, and we should have known little of his last days on earth had it not been for Mr. Robinson's record of them. It is in this work that we are really able to gather all that Heber attempted and did,—his tirelessness in his duties, his ability in making all things serve his ends and those of peace. But in the few notes he wrote we find some passages which interest us enough to make them better known. Here, for instance, is one which throws a curious light on the way in which the liquor question was treated in India!

"Nothing can be more foolish, or in its effects more pernicious, than the manner in which spirits are distributed to European troops in India. Early every morning a pint of fiery, coarse, undiluted rum is given to every man, and half that quantity to every woman; this the greater part of the newcomers abhor in the first instance, or would, at all events, if left to themselves, mix with water. The ridicule of their seasoned companions, however, deters them from doing so, and a habit of the worst kind of intemperance is acquired in a few weeks more fatal to the army than the swords of the Jâts or the climate of the Burmese. If half the quantity of spirit, well watered, were given at a more seasonable hour, and, to compensate for the loss of the rest, a cup of strong coffee allowed to each man every morning, the men would be quite as well pleased, and both their bodies and souls preserved from many dreadful evils. Colonel Williams, of the Queen's Own, whom we met at Bombay, has tried this experiment

with much success, and it might, with a little resolution, be universal throughout the army."

At Madras he confirmed nearly five hundred candidates, and more than a hundred at an outlying station. On his visitation there attended the archdeacon and fifteen clergymen, chaplains and missionaries. The missionaries of the S.P.C.K. at that time were Lutherans, and unfortunately Bishop Middleton had refused to acknowledge them as clergymen. Heber, by his action with regard to Abdûl Musseeh, had put himself out of court, or, from the tone of the short note he made on the matter, it is most probable that he would have acted differently.

He has left a rather amusing account of an official visit he paid to Prince Azeen Khân, uncle to the then Nawâb of the Carnatic, and a Mussulman. The Mussulmans expressed the greatest astonishment that a person of the dignity of the Bishop did not wear a beard, "observing," says Heber, "with much truth, that our learned men lost much dignity and authority by the effeminate custom of shaving. They also asked if I was the head of all the English Church; and on being told that I was the head in India, but that there was another clergyman in England superior to me, the question was then again asked, 'And does not *he* wear a beard?' This," adds the Bishop, "was one of my last performances in Madras, where, indeed, I was almost worn out, having preached (reckoning charge and confirmation addresses) eleven times in little more than a fortnight, besides presiding at a large meeting of the S.P.C.K., visiting six schools, giving two large dinner-parties, and receiving and paying visits innumerable."

For the Governor of Madras at that time he re-echoes high praise. "It was interesting to find only one voice about Sir Thomas Munro, whose talents, steadiness, and justice seemed admitted by everybody; he is a fine dignified old soldier, with a very strong and original understanding, and a solid, practical judgment; he is excellently adapted for the situation which he

holds; and his popularity is, perhaps, the more honourable to him, because his manners, though unaffected and simple, are reserved and grave, at least on a first acquaintance."

When at Poonamalu, a station near Madras, the Bishop held a confirmation of about a hundred candidates. As the hour of service approached, however, a good many more than a hundred presented themselves. On this being repeated to Heber, he said he would not refuse any whom he could conscientiously admit, and accordingly wished his chaplain to examine the extra candidates after service, so that he might confirm them in the afternoon; and this was done. One woman brought her boy to be confirmed, who was quite young, and begged hard that she might also be accepted. "Bring them both to me," exclaimed the Bishop. "Who knows whether they may live to wish for it again?" In the evening a third service was held.

On March 21st Mr. Robinson notes, at Chillumbrum, that the heat was so great that with all cooling appliances at their command they could not reduce the heat below ninety-seven degrees under cover. Yet services, preaching, confirming, and travelling went on uninterruptedly. A native clergyman came to see him from Tanjore, and on rising to take his leave hesitated and lingered. The Bishop asking some one if the old man wanted anything, was told that it was usual among the Tamil Christians never to leave a minister they respected without his blessing. Heber got up at once, and gave the native his blessing in a particularly affectionate way, exclaiming afterwards, "I will bless them all—the good people!"

The native Christians of Tranquebar could not be visited, but the Bishop sent them this message: "Tell them that I hope to see them all in heaven!"

At Tanjore the Bishop visited Schwartz's chapel, and carefully copied the inscription that had been placed over that noble toiler's grave by his faithful friend, the Rajah Sarabojee of that place. As this inscription was

the Rajah's own composition, in English, we way find room for the verse in which he commended the virtues of his friend and pastor :—

> "Firm wast thou, humble and wise,
> Honest, pure, free from disguise;
> Father of orphans, the widow's support,
> Comfort in sorrow of every sort,
> To the benighted despiser of light
> Doing and pointing to that which is right.
> Blessing to princes, to people, to me,
> May I, my father, be worthy of thee,
> Wishes and prayeth thy Sarabojee."

At that time the mere skill shown in the writing of such lines by a native was probably unique ; their sentiment needs no "bush."

On Easter Day the Bishop unknowingly entered on the last week of his life. On the following Sunday he was to die—in a moment, unwarned, alone, without the knowledge of his friends. On this Easter Day he preached from the text, "I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore." Robinson writes: "I assisted him in the administration of the Sacrament to thirty communicants of the English and fifty-seven of the native congregation ; to each of the latter he repeated the words in Tamil. The interest of this service, in itself most interesting, was greatly heightened by the delight and animation of the Bishop, the presence of so many missionaries, whose labours were before us, and all the associations of the place in which we were assembled,—built by the venerable Schwartz, whose monument, erected by the affection of the Rajah, adorns the western end of the church. The group in white marble, by Flaxman, represents the good man on his death-bed, Gericke standing behind him, the Rajah at his side, two native attendants and three children of his school around his bed."

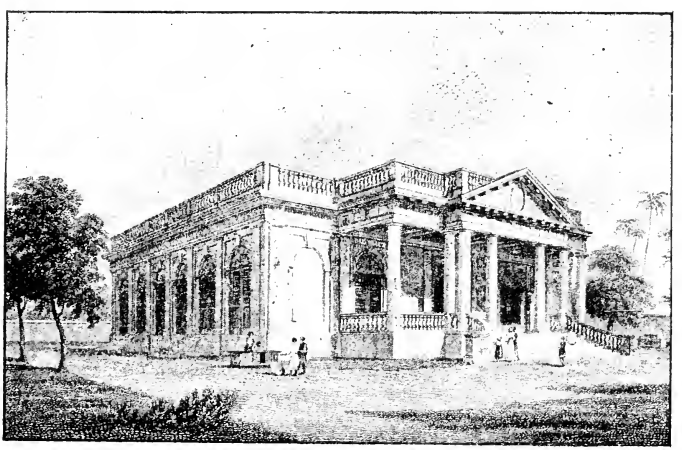
In the evening of that day the Bishop joined in the service held in Tamil. The church was crowded, over thirteen hundred being counted by one of the native

ministers. Mr. Robinson writes: "I have seen no congregation, even in Europe, by whom the responses of the liturgy are more generally and correctly made, or where the psalmody is more devotional and correct. . . . It was of deep and thrilling interest, in which memory, and hope, and joy mingled with the devotion of the hour, to hear so many voices, but lately rescued from the polluting services of the pagoda, joining in . . . . the Easter Hymn and the Hundredth Psalm, and uttering the loud Amen at the close of every prayer. For the last ten years I have longed to witness a scene like this, but the reality exceeds all my expectations. . . . The Bishop's heart was full; and never shall I forget the energy of his manner, and the heavenly expression of his countenance, when he exclaimed, as I assisted him to take off his robes, 'Gladly would I exchange years of common life for one such day as this!'"

On the next day he confirmed and addressed native congregations, and on Tuesday visited the Rajah. This extraordinary native prince was the child of Schwartz's teaching, a living monument to that noble missionary's labours. He spoke much of "his dear father," which he always called Schwartz, and repeatedly told the Bishop that he hoped he would stand "in his room." He showed the Bishop over his palace—took him into his library, his museum, and showed him his printing-press. He exhibited knowledge of many topics that we might think strange in an Indian, prince though he might be, and among other things discussed with apparent learning the various styles of Hindu and Mussulman architecture. The ability and virtue of this man were conspicuous in a class of clever if not over-virtuous rulers. One instance will serve to distinguish his character from that of the average. The Rajah promised to send the Bishop a copy of a miniature of Schwartz, and although the death of the Bishop happened a few days after the promise was made, he sent it to his widow. It is

pleasant to remember that the Bishop drew up a prayer for the Divine protection of this noble ruler, and gave instructions that it should be translated into Tamil, and read by all the missionaries in the Rajah's dominions.

On April 1st the party reached Trichinopoly. The heat was very oppressive. On the 2nd the Bishop preached in the large church there—St. John's—in the morning, and in the afternoon held a confirmation and



ST. JOHN'S, TRICHINOPOLY.
(*The Church in which Heber last ministered.*)

addressed the candidates. In the evening he complained of headache and—little wonder!—of weariness. But at daybreak on the following morning he attended a service held in Tamil, and confirmed and addressed a native congregation in that language; thence he passed to the mission house, and investigated the condition of the schools. Shortly afterwards he received a petition from the natives asking for a pastor. "His answer was given with that gentleness and kindness of heart which never failed to win the affections of all who

heard him." On returning to the house where he was staying—that of Mr. Bird, judge of the circuit—and before taking off his robes, he visited Mr. Robinson, who was too ill to leave his bed. He spoke of the affairs of the mission, dwelling on its poverty, and saying that he ought to have regular reports from every mission in India, in order that he might know what were their wants. Nothing that he had seen in the whole of his diocese, he said, had so powerfully interested him. Mr. Robinson said afterwards that the mental excitement was so great that he showed no trace of physical exhaustion.

The Bishop went to his own room, and, as usual, wrote the name of the place and date on the back of his confirmation address: "Trichinopoly, April 3rd, 1826." Unwittingly he wrote the place of his burial, the date of his death. As he did not reappear, and for some time there had been unusual silence, his servant entered his room to see if anything was the matter or if he were wanted. He found his master lying in his bath. Nothing was the matter with him now,—nothing would ever be wanted again: the eager spirit was at rest at last.

Thus did Reginald Heber pass. Worn with toil, oppressed by heat, and overcome at the last by nervous exhaustion, he died in the prime of life and the meridian of his day of usefulness. Amid the scene of his fruitful labours, far from wife and children if among the sons of his adoption, without friend to lean over him and catch the last broken words on the fleeting breath, without warning from science, or, for all that is known, a suspicion of the approach of death, the beloved of his people was called into the darkness of the Valley of the Shadow, whence no voice cometh, nor is anything heard. "If in this life only we had hope, then were we most miserable."

He was a man of such singular gifts, and, though

MEMORIAL TO HEBER, AT MADRAS.

bred in a period of great affectations, so frank and natural in his manner and habit of thought, that we cannot be surprised at the impression he made on his own generation. To-day, much that was unknown and seldom guessed at in his time has long been realised. Our fashions are different, our habits unlike, our very speech has passed into another phase. We accept for granted so much that was barely entertained seventy years ago that it is well-nigh impossible to appreciate the prevision of Heber at its true value to his own time. The brotherhood of Christians, which he was conspicuous in demonstrating, is now become the hope and realisation of many sections of the community. His soberness of judgment weighed strongly in an age when the disposition to run after some new thing was particularly marked. He was a man of the world, and though in one sense distinctly not of the world, neither ascetic nor hermit. He was a man among men—a man who could rule and dared not lie—and among Christians he was a leader. An Englishman in his blood and breeding, he was to the heathen a brother and a servant; a son of the aristocracy of the richest nation in the world, the poor and lowly were his friends; a creator of the literature of his age, and among the craftsmen an artist, he gave the treasures of his mind to those who could not even read; the spiritual lord of all the Indies, he lived and moved and died the humble follower of Jesus, the crucified Carpenter of Nazareth.

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F.M.R.